











The Canterbury Poets.

Love Letters.

\* \* FOR FULL LIST OF THE VOLUMES IN THIS SERIES,  
SEE CATALOGUE AT END OF BOOK.

LOVE LETTERS  
OF A VIOLINIST  
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY  
ERIC MACKAY.

AUTHOR OF  
"A SONG OF THE SEA, MY LADY OF DREAMS, AND OTHER  
POEMS," "A LOVER'S LITANIES," ETC.

FIFTEENTH EDITION, REVISED.  
FORTY-NINTH THOUSAND.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,  
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.  
NEW YORK: 3 EAST 14<sup>TH</sup> STREET.

This edition first published 1915

Reprinted 1919



To  
MARIE.





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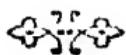
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Ιανουαρίου Ισοτάξεων.







## In*l*l*u*du*ct*ory No*te*.



**A**T the commencement of the year 1885, a captivating little volume of poems was mysteriously issued from the "Leadenhalle Presse" of Messrs. Field and Tuer—a quaint, vellum-bound, antique-looking book, tied up on all sides with strings of golden silk ribbon, and illustrated throughout with fanciful wood-cuts. It was entitled "Love-Letters by a Violinist," and those who were at first attracted by its title and suggestive outward appearance, untied the ribbons with a certain amount of curiosity. Love-letters were surely of a private, almost sacred character. What "Violinist" thus

ventured to publish his heart-records openly? and were they worth reading? Such were the questions asked by the public, and last, not least, came the natural inquiry, “*Who* was the “‘Violinist’?” To this no satisfactory answer could be obtained, for nobody knew. But it was distinctly proved on perusal of the book that he was a poet, not a mere writer of verse. Speculations arose as to his identity, and Joseph Ellis, author of “*Cæsar in Egypt*,” reviewed the work as follows:—

“Behold a mystery—who shall uncase it? “A small quarto, anonymous. The publisher “professes entire ignorance of its origin. Wild “guesses spring from the mask of a ‘Violinist’ “—who can he be? *Unde derivatur?* A “Tyro? The work is too skilful for such,

“though even a Byron. Young? Not old.  
“Tennyson? No—he hath not the grace of  
“style, at least for these verses, Browning? No  
“—he could not unbend so far. Edwin Arnold  
“might, possibly, have been equal to it, witness,  
“*inter alia*, ‘Violetta’; but he is unlikely.  
“Lytton Bulwer, a voice from the tomb? No.  
“His son, Owen Meredith? A random sup-  
“position, yet possible. Rossetti—again a voice  
“from the tomb? James Thompson, the  
“younger, could have done it, but he was  
“too stern. Then, our detective ingenuity  
“proving incompetent, who? We seek the  
“Delphic fane—the oracle replies *Swinburne*.  
“Let us bow to the oracular voice, for in  
“Swinburne we find all requisites for the work  
“—fertility of thought, grace of language, in-

“genuity, skill in the *ars poetica*, wealth of  
“words, sensuous nature, classic resources.  
“\* \* \* \* The writer of the ‘Love-Letters’ is  
“manifestly imbued with the tone and tinge  
“of Italian poetry, and has the merit of proving  
“the English tongue capable of rivalling the  
“Italian ‘*Canzoni d’Amore*.’ \* \* \* \* He is  
“a master of versification, so is Swinburne—  
“he is praiseworthy for freshness of thought,  
“novelty, and aptness in imagery, so is Swin-  
“burne. He is remarkable for sustained energy,  
“so is Swinburne; and thus it may safely be  
“said that, if not the writer of the ‘Love-  
“Letters,’ he deserves to be accredited with  
“that mysterious production, until the author-  
“ship is avowed. \* \* \* \* Unto Britannia, as  
“erst to Italia, has been granted a Petrarch.”

Meanwhile other leading voices in the Press joined the swelling chorus of praise. *The Morning Post* took up the theme, and, after vainly endeavouring to clear up the mystery of the authorship, went on to say: "The appearance of this book must be regarded as a literary phenomenon. We find ourselves lifted at once by the author's genius out of the work-a-day world of the England of to-day, and transported into an atmosphere as rare and ethereal as that in which the poet of Vaucluse lived and moved and had his being. \* \* \* \* In nearly every stanza there are unerring indications of a mind and heart steeped in that subtlest of all forms of beauty, the mythology of old Greece. The reader perceives at once that he has to do with a

“scholar and man of culture, as well as with  
“an inspired singer, whose muse need not feel  
“abashed in the presence of the highest poets  
“of our own day.”

*The Times'* special correspondent, Antonio Gallenga, expressed himself at some length on the merits of the “Violinist,” and spoke of him “as one who can conjure up a host of “noble thoughts and bright fancies, who rejoices “in a great command of language, with a flow “of verse and a wealth of rhymes. It is impossible to hear his confessions, to follow him in “his aspirations, to hear the tale of his visions, “his trances, his dreams, without catching “his enthusiasm and bestowing on him our “sympathy. Each ‘Love-Letter’ is in twenty “stanzas—each stanza in six lines. The

“poem is regular and symmetrical as Dante’s  
“‘Comedy,’ with as stately and solemn, ay,  
“and as arduous a measure. . . . There are  
“marvellous powers in this poet-violinist. Pet-  
“rarch himself had not so many changes for his  
“conjugation of the verb ‘to love.’ In what a  
“variety of moods he addresses his ‘white won-  
“der.’ How he coaxes her, how he upbraids  
“and argues!” While the world of art and letters  
thus discussed the volume, reading it meanwhile  
with such eagerness that the whole edition was  
soon entirely exhausted, a particularly brilliant  
and well-written critique of it appeared in the New  
York *Independent*—a very prominent American  
journal, destined afterwards to declare the  
author’s identity, and to be the first to do so.  
In the columns of this paper had been frequently

seen some peculiarly graceful and impassioned poems, signed by one Eric Mackay—notable among these being a lyric entitled "The Waking of the Lark" (included in our present volume), which, to quote the expression of a distinguished New York critic, "sent a thrill through the heart of America." There are no skylarks in the New World, but there is a deep tenderness felt by all Americans for the little

"Priest in grey apparel."

"Who doth prepare to sing in air his sinless summer carol," and Eric Mackay's exquisite outburst of tender enthusiasm for the English bird of the morning evoked from all parts of the States a chorus of critical delight and approbation. The Rev. T. T. Munger, an American critic, wrote concerning it to the editor of *The Independent* :—

## *INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.*

“This strikes me as the best poem I have  
“seen for a long time. As I read it stanza after  
“stanza, with not an imperfect verse, not a  
“commonplace, but with a sustained increase  
“of pure sentiment and glowing fancy, I was  
“inclined to place it beside Shelley’s. It is not  
“so intellectual as Shelley’s, but I am not sure  
“that it is not truer. Mackay’s is the lark itself,  
“Shelley’s is himself listening to the lark. Be-  
“sides Shelley makes the lark sing at evening—  
“as I believe it does—but surely ‘it to the morn-  
“ing doth belong,’ and Shakespeare is truer  
“in putting it at ‘Heaven’s gate.’ It is a great  
“refreshment to us tired workers in the prose of  
“life to come across such a poem as this, and  
“seldom enough it happens nowadays. “Tell  
“Mr. Eric Mackay to sing us another song.”

This admired lyric was copied from the *Independent* into many other journals, together with several other poems by the same hand, such as "A Vision of Beethoven," the beautiful verses addressed to the Spanish violinist, Pablo de Sarasate, and a spirited reply to Algernon Charles Swinburne, reproaching him for the attack which the author of "Tristram of <sup>\*</sup>*Lyonesse*" had made on England's name and fame. One day a simple statement appeared in the *Independent* respecting the much discussed "Love-Letters by a Violinist," that the author was simply a gentleman of good position, the descendant of a distinguished and very ancient family, Eric Mackay, known among his personal friends and intimates as a man of brilliant and extensive learning, whose frequent

and long residences abroad have made him somewhat of a foreigner, though by birth an Englishman. A fine linguist, a deep thinker, and profound student of the classics, Mr. Mackay may be ranked among the most cultured and accomplished men of his day, and, still young as he is, will undoubtedly be numbered with the choice few whose names are destined to live by the side of poets such as Keats, whom, as far as careful work, delicate feeling, and fiery tenderness go, Eric Mackay may be said to resemble, though there is a greater robustness and force in his muse, indicative of a strong mind in an equally strong and healthy body, which latter advantage the divine Keats had not, unfortunately for himself and the world. The innate, hardly restrained vigour of Mr.

Mackay's nature shows itself in such passages as occur in the sonnets, "Remorse," "A Thunderstorm at Night;" also in the wild and terribly suggestive "Zulalie," while something of hot wrath and scorn leap out in such lines as those included in his ode to Swinburne, whom he addresses:—

"O thou five foot five  
"Of flesh and blood and sinew and the rest."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thou art a bee, a bright, a golden thing  
"With too much honey, and the taste thereof  
"Is sometimes rough, and something of a sting  
"Dwells in the music that we hear thee sing."

\* \* \* \* \*

and

"Take back thy taunt, I say; and with the same  
"Accept our pardon; or, if this offend,  
"Why, then, no pardon, e'en in England's name.  
"We have our country still, and thou thy fame!"

At the same time no one in all England does more justice and honour to Swinburne's genius than Eric Mackay.

His own strength as a poet suggests to the reader the idea of a spirited horse reined in tightly and persistently,—a horse which prances wildly at times and frets and foams at the bit, and might, on the least provocation, run wild in a furious and headlong career, sweeping all conventionalities out of its road by a sheer straight-ahead gallop. Mr. Mackay is, however, a careful, even precise rider, and he keeps a firm hand on his restless Pegasus—so firm that, as his taste always leads him to depict the most fanciful and fine emotions, his steady resoluteness of restraint commands not only our admiration but our

respect. While passionate to an extreme in the "Love-Letters," he is never indelicate; the coarse, almost brutal, allusions made by some writers to certain phases of so-called love, which are best left unsuggested, never defile the pen of our present author, who may almost be called fastidious in such matters. How beautiful and all-sufficing to the mind is the line expressing the utter satisfaction of a victorious lover:—

*"Crowned with a kiss and sceptred with a joy!"*

No details are needed here—all is said. The "Violinist," though by turns regretful, sorrowful, and despairing, is supreme throughout. He speaks of the "lady of his song" as

*"The lady for whose sake I shall be strong,*

*"But never weak or diffident again."*

The supremacy of manhood is insisted on always ; and the lover, though he entreats, implores, wonders and raves as all lovers do, never forgets his own dignity. He will take no second-best affection on his lady's part—this he plainly states in verse 19 of Letter V. Again, in the last letter of all, he asserts his mastery—and this is as it should be ; absolute authority, as he knows, is the way to win and to keep a woman's affection. Such lovely fancies as

“ Phœbus loosens all his golden hair

“ Right down the sky—and daisies turn and stare

“ At things we see not with our human wit,”

and

“ A tuneful noise

“ Broke from the copse where late a breeze was slain,

“ And nightingales in ecstasy of pain

“ Did break their hearts with singing the old joys,”

abound all through the book. And here it is as well to mark the decision of our poet, even in trifles. The breeze he speaks of is not *hushed*, or *still*—none of the usual epithets are applied to it—it is "*slain*," as utterly and as pitifully as though it were a murdered child. This originality of conception is remarkable, and comes out in such lines as

"I will unpack my mind of all its fears"—

where the word "*unpack*" is singularly appropriate, and again—

"O sweet To-morrow ! Youngest of the sons

"Of old King Time, *to whom Creation runs*

"*As men to God.*"

"Where a dairy grows,

"There grows a joy !"

and beautiful and dainty to a high degree is the quaint "Retrospect," where the lover enthusiastically draws the sun and moon into his ecstasies, and makes them seem to partake in his admiration of his lady's loveliness.

A graver and more philosophic turn of mind will be found in "A Song of Servitude," and "A Rhapsody of Death;" but, judged from a critical standpoint, Eric Mackay is a purely passionate poet, straying among the most voluptuous imaginings, and sometimes seeming to despise the joys of Heaven itself for the sake of love. Thus he lays himself open to an accusation of blasphemy from ultra-religious persons, yet it must be remembered that in this respect he in no way exceeds the emotions of Romeo and Juliet, Paolo, and Francesca da Rimini, or

any of those lovers whose passion has earned for their names an undying celebrity.

In closing the present notice we can but express, a hope that this volume of Eric Mackay's poems may meet with the welcome it deserves from true lovers of Art: for Art includes Poetry; and Poetry, as properly defined, is one of its grandest and most enduring forms.

G. D.

\* \* Some of the Miscellaneous Poems, and portions of the Sonnets in this collection, were originally published in volumes now out of print, entitled respectively "Pygmalion in Cyprus" and "Ad Reginam," the author adopting, for a short time, a pseudonym now discarded.

## Letter I.

## P R E L U D E.





## LETTER I.

### PRELUDE.

#### I.

•**T**EACH me to love thee as a man, in prayer,  
May love the picture of a sainted nun,  
And I will woo thee, when the day is done,  
With tears and vows, and fealty past compare,  
And seek the sunlight in thy golden hair,  
And kiss thy hand to claim thy benison.

#### II.

I shall not need to gaze upon the skies,  
Or mark the message of the morning breeze,  
Or heed the notes of birds among the trees,  
If, taught by thee to yearn for Paradise,  
I may confront thee with adoring eyes  
And do thee homage on my bended knees.

## III.

For I would be thy pilgrim ; I would bow  
 Low as the grave, and, lingering in the same,  
 Live like a spectre ; or be burnt in flame  
 To do thee good. A kingdom for a vow  
 I'd freely give to be elected now  
 The chief of all the servants of thy fame.

## IV.

Yet, like a Roman of the days of old,  
 I would, for thee, construct a votive shrine,  
 And fan the fire, and consecrate the wine ;  
 And have a statue there, of purest gold,  
 And bow thereto, unlov'd and unconsol'd,  
 But proud withal to know the statue thine.

## V.

For it were sacrilege to stand erect,  
 And face to face, within thy chamber lone,  
 To urge again my right to what hath flown :  
 A bygone trust, a passion coldly check'd !  
 Were I a king of men, or I wrel-deck'd,  
 I were not fit to claim thee as mine own.

## VI.

What am I then ? The sexton of a joy,  
 So lately slain,—so lately on its bier  
 I laid out in state,—I dare not, for the fear  
 Of this dead thing, regard it as a toy.  
 It was a splendid Hope without alloy,  
 And now, behold ! I greet it with a tear.

## VII.

It is my pastime, and my penance, too,  
My pride, my comfort, and my discontent,  
To count my sorrows ere the day is spent,  
And dream, at night, of love within the blue  
Of thy sweet eyes, and tremble through and through,  
And keep my house, as one that doth lament.

## VIII.

Have I not sinn'd? I have; and I am curst,  
And Misery makes the moments, as they fly,  
Harder than stone, and sorrier than a sigh.  
Oh, I did wrong thee when I met thee first,  
And in my soul a fantasy was nurs'd  
That seem'd an outcome of the upper sky.

## IX.

I thought a poor musician might aspire;  
I thought he might obtain from thee a look,  
As Dian's self will smile upon a brook,  
And make it glad, though deaf to its desire,  
And tinge its ripples with a tender fire,  
And make it thankful in its lonely nook.

## X.

I thought to win thee ere the waning days  
Had caught the snow, ere yet a word of mine  
Had pall'd upon thee in the summer shine;  
And I was fain to meet thee in the ways  
Of wild romance, and cling to thee, and gaze,  
Between two kisses, on thy face divine.

Aye ! on thy face, and on the rippling hair  
 That makes a mantle round thee in the night,  
 A royal robe, a network of the light,  
 Which fairies brought for thee, to keep thee fair,  
 And hide the glories of a beauty rare  
 As those of sylphs, whereof the poets write.

## XII.

I thought, by token of thy matchless form,  
 To curb thy will, and make thee mine indeed,  
 From head to foot. There is no other creed  
 For men and maids, in safety or in storm,  
 Than this of love. Repentance may be warm,  
 But love is best, though broken like a reed.

## XIII.

“ She shall be mine till death ! ” I wildly said,  
 “ Mine, and mine only.” And I vow’d, apace,  
 That I would have thee in my dwelling-place ;  
 Yea, like a despot, I would see thee led  
 Straight to the altar, with a tear unshed,  
 A wordless woe imprinted on thy face.

## XIV.

I wanted thee. I yearned for thee afar.  
 “ She shall be mine,” I cried, “ and mine alone.  
 A Gorgon grief may change me into stone  
 If I be baulk’d.” I hankered for a star,  
 And soar’d, in thought, to where the angels are,  
 To snatch my prize beyond the torrid zone.

## XV.

I heeded not the teaching of the past.

I heeded not the wisdom of the years.

"She shall be mine," I urged, "till death appears,  
For death, I know, will conquer me at last."

And then I found the sky was overcast;

And then I felt the bitterness of tears.

"Behold!" I thought, "Behold, how fair to see  
Is this white wonder!" And I wish'd thee well  
But, like a demon out of darkest hell,  
I marr'd thy peace, and claim'd thee on the plea  
Of pride and passion; and there came to me  
The far-off warning of a wedding-bell.

## XVII.

A friend of thine was walking to her doom,  
A wife-elect, who, ere the summer sun  
Had plied its course, would weep for what was  
done,—

A friend of thine and mine, who, in the gloom  
Of her own soul, had built herself a tomb,  
To tremble there, when tears had ceas'd to run.

## XVIII.

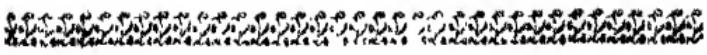
On this I brooded; but ah! not for this  
Did I abandon what I sought the while:  
The dear damnation of thy tender smile,  
And all the tortures that were like a bliss,  
And all the raptures of a holier kiss  
Than fair Miranda's on the magic isle.

I urged my suit. "My bond!" I did exclaim,  
"My pink and white, the hand I love to press,  
The golden hair that crowns her loveliness;  
And all the beauties which I cannot name;  
All, all are mine, and I will have the same,  
Though she should hate me for my love's excess."

## xx.

I knew myself. I knew the withering fate  
That would consume me, if, amid my trust,  
I sued for Hope as beggars for a crust.  
"O God!" I cried, entranced though desolate,  
"Hallow my love, or turn it into hate."  
And then I bow'd, in anguish, to the dust.





Letter II.

SORROW.







## LETTER II

### SORROW.

-----\*-----

#### I.

Yes, I was mad. I know it. I was mad,  
For there is madness in the looks of love ;  
And he who frights a tender, brooding dove  
Is not more base than I, and not so sad ;  
For I had kill'd the hope that made me glad,  
And curs'd, in thought, the sunlight from above.

#### II.

He was a fool, indeed, who lately tried  
To touch the moon, far-shining in the trees.  
He climb the branches with his hands and knees,  
And craned his neck to kiss what he espied.  
But down he fell, unseemly in his pride,  
And told his follies to the fitful breeze.

## III.

I was convicted of as strange a thing,  
 And wild as strange ; for, in a hope forlorn,  
 I fought with Fate. But now the flag is torn  
 Which like a herald in the days of spring  
 I held aloft. The birds have ceased to sing  
 The dear old songs they sang from morn to morn.

## IV.

All holy things avoid me. Breezes pass  
 And will not fan my cheek, as once they did.  
 The gloaming hies away like one forbid ;  
 And day returns, and shadows on the grass  
 Fall from the trees ; and night and morn amass  
 No joys for me this side the coffin-hd.

Absolve me, Sweet ! Absolve me, or I die ;  
 And give me pardon, if no other boon.  
 Aye, give me pardon, and the sun and moon,  
 And all the stars that wander through the sky  
 Will be thy sponsors, and the gladden'd cry  
 Of one poor heart will thank thee for it soon.

## VI.

And mine Amati—my beloved one—  
 The tender sprite who soothes, as best he may,  
 My fever'd pulse, and makes a roundelay  
 Of all my fears—e'en he, when all is done,  
 Will be thy friend, and yield his place to none  
 To wish thee well, and greet thee day by day.

For he is human, though, to look at him,  
 To see his shape, to hear,—as from the throat  
 Of some bright angel,—his ecstatic note,  
 A sinful soul might dream of cherubim.  
 Aye! and he watches when my senses swim,  
 And I can trace the thoughts that o'er him float.

Often, indeed, I tell him more than man  
 E'er tells to woman in the honied hours  
 Of tranced night, in cities or in bowers;  
 And more, perchance, than lovers in the span  
 Of absent letters may, with scheming, plan  
 For life's surrender in the fairy towers.

## IX.

And he consoles me. There is none I find,  
 None in the world, so venturesome and wild,  
 And yet withal, so tender, true, and mild,  
 As he can be. And those who think him bold  
 Are much to blame. His ways are ever kind;  
 And he can plead as softly as a child.

## X.

And when he talks to me I feel the touch  
 Of some sweet hope, a feeling of content  
 Almost akin to what by joy is meant.  
 And then I brood on this; for Love is such,  
 It makes us weep to want it overmuch,  
 If wayward Fate withhold his full consent.

## XI.

Oh, come to me, thou friend of my desire,  
 My lov'd Amati ! At a word of thine  
 I can be brave, and dash away the brine  
 From off my cheek, and neutralise the fire  
 That makes me mad, and use thee as a lyre  
 To curb the anguish of this soul of mine.

## XII.

Wood as thou art, my treasure, with the strings  
 Fair on thy form, as fits thy parentage,  
 I cannot deem that in a gilded cage  
 Thy spirit lives. The bird that in thee sings  
 Is not a mortal. No ! Enthralment flings  
 Its charm about thee like a poet's rage.

Thou hast no sex ; but, in an elfish way,  
 Thou dost entwine in one, as in a troth,  
 The gleesome thoughts of man and maiden both.  
 Thy voice is fullest at the flush of day,  
 But after midnight there is much to say  
 In weird remembrance of an April oath.

## XIV.

And when the moon is seated on the throne  
 Of some white cloud, with her attendants near—  
 The wondering stars that hold her name in fear—  
 Oh ! then I know that mine Amati's tone  
 Is all for me, and that he stands alone,  
 First of his tribe, belov'd without a peer.

Yea, this is so, my Lady ! A fair form  
 Made of the garner'd riches of a tree,  
 In which of old a dryad of the lea  
 Did live and die. He flourish'd in a storm,  
 And learnt to warble when the days were warm  
 And learnt at night the secrets of the sea.

## XVI.

And now he is all mine, for my caress  
 And my strong bow,—an Ariel, as it seems,—  
 A something sweeter than the sweetest dreams ;  
 A prison'd wiz'rd that has come to bless  
 And will not curse, though tortur'd, more or less,  
 By some remembrance that athwart him streams.

## XVII.

It is the thought of April. "Tis the tie  
 That made us one ; for then the earth was fair  
 With all things on't, and summer in the air  
 Tingled for thee and me. A soft reply  
 Came to thy lips, and I was like to die  
 To hear thee make such coy confessions there.

## XVIII.

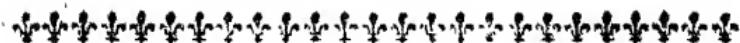
It was the dawn of love (or so I thought)  
 The tender cooing of thy bosom-bird—  
 The beating heart that flutter'd at a word,  
 And seem'd for me alone to be so fraught  
 With wants unutter'd ! All my being caught  
 Gladnor thereat, as at a boon conferr'd.

## XIX.

And I was lifted, in a minute's space,  
As nigh to Heaven as Heaven is nigh to thee,  
And in thy wistful glances I could see  
Something that seem'd a joy, and in thy face  
A splendour fit for angels in the place  
Where God has named them all in their degree.

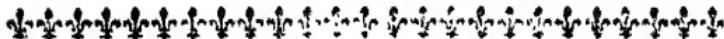
Ah, none so blest as I, and none so proud,  
In that wild moment when a thrill was sent  
Right through my soul, as if from thee it went  
As flame from fire ! But this was disallow'd ;  
And I shall sooner wear a winter shroud  
Than thou revoke my doom of banishment.





### Letter III.

### R E G R E T S .







## LETTER III.

### REGRETS.

— ◆ ◆ ◆ —

#### I.

WHEN I did wake, to day, a bird of Heaven,  
A wanton, wofless thing, a wandering sprite,  
Did seem to sing a song for my delight ;  
And, far away, did make its holy steven  
Sweeter to hear than lute-strings that are seven ;  
And I did weep theret in my despite.

#### II.

O glorious sun ! I thought, O gracious king  
Of all this splendour that we call the earth !  
For thee the lark distils his morning mirth,  
But who will hear the matins that I sing ?  
Who will be glad to greet me in the spring,  
Or heed the voice of one so little worth ?

## III.

Who will accept the thanks I would entone  
 For having met thee ? and for having seen  
 Thy face an instant in the bower serene  
 Of perfect faith ? The splendour was thine own,  
 The rapture mine ; and Doubt was overthrown,  
 And Grief forgot the keynote of its threne.

## IV.

I rose in haste. I seiz'd, as in a trance,  
 My violin, the friend I love the best  
 (After thyself, sweet soul !) and wildly press'd,  
 And firmly drew it, with a master's glance,  
 Straight to my heart ! The sunbeams seem'd to dance  
 Athwart the strings, to rob me of my rest.

## V.

For then a living thing it did appear,  
 And every chord had sympathies for me ;  
 And something like a lover's lowly plea  
 Did shake its frame, and something like a tear  
 Fell on my cheek, to mind me of the year  
 When first we met, we two, beside the sea.

## VI.

I stood erect, I proudly lifted up  
 The Sword of Song, the bow that trembled now,  
 As if for joy, my grief to disallow.—  
 Are there not some who, in the choicest cup,  
 Imbibe despair, and famish as they sup,  
 Seal'd by a solace that was like a vow ?

## VII.

Are there not some who weep, and cannot tell  
 Why it is thus? And others who repeat  
 Stories of ice, to cool them in the heat?  
 And some who quake for doubts they cannot quell,  
 And yet are brave? And some who smile in Hell  
 For thinking of the sin that was so sweet?

## VIII.

I have been one who, in the glow of youth,  
 Have liv'd in books, and realised a bliss  
 Unfelt by misers, when they count and kiss  
 Their tainted joys; and I have known, in sooth,  
 The taste of water from the well of Truth,  
 And found it good. But time has alter'd this.

## IX.

I have been hated, scorn'd, and thrust away,  
 By one who is the Regent of the flowers,  
 By one who, in the magic of her powers,  
 Changes the day to night, the night to day,  
 And makes a potion of the solar ray  
 Which drugs my heart, and deadens it for hours.

## X.

I have been taught that Happiness is coy,  
 And will not come to all who bend the knee;  
 That Faith is like the foam upon the sea,  
 And Pride a snare, and Pomp a foolish toy,  
 And Hope a moth whose wings we may destroy;  
 And she I love has taught these things to me

## XI.

Yes, thou, my Lady ! Thou hast made me feel  
 The pangs of that Prometheus who was chain'd  
 And would not bow, but evermore maintain'd  
 A fierce revolt. Have I refused to kneel ?  
 I do it gladly. But to mine appeal  
 No answer comes, and none will be ordain'd.

## XII.

Why, then, this rancour ? Why so cold a thing  
 As thy displeasure, O thou dearest One ?  
 I meant no wrong. I stoic not from the sun  
 The fire of Heaven ; but I did seek to bring  
 Glory from thee to me ; and in the Spring  
 I pray'd the prayer that left me thus undone.

## XIII.

I pray'd my prayer. I wove into my song  
 Fervour, and joy, and mystery, and the bleak,  
 The wan despair that words can never speak.  
 I pray'd as if my spirit did belong  
 To some old master, who was wise and strong  
 Because he lov'd, and suffer'd, and was weak.

## XIV.

I curb'd the notes, convulsive, to a sigh,  
 And, when they falter'd most, I made them leap  
 Fierce from my bow, as from a summer sleep  
 A young she-devil. I was fired thereby  
 To bolder efforts, and a manned cry  
 Came from the strings, as if a saint did weep.

## XV.

I changed the theme. I dallied with the bow  
 Just time enough to fit it to a mesh  
 Of merry notes, and drew it back afresh  
 To talk of truth and constancy and woe,  
 And life, and love, and madness, and the glow  
 Of mine own soul which burns into my flesh.

## XVI.

It was the Lord of music, it was he  
 Who seiz'd my hand. He forced me, as I play'd,  
 To think of that ill-fated fairy-glade  
 Where once we stroll'd at night ; and wild and free  
 My notes did ring ; and quickly unto me  
 There came the joy that maketh us afraid.

## XVII.

Oh ! I shall die of tasting in my dreams  
 Poison of love and ecstasy of pain ;  
 For I shall never kneel to thee again,  
 Or sit in bowers, or wander by the streams  
 Of golden vales, or of the morning beams  
 Construct a wreath to crown thee on the plain !

## XVIII.

Yet it were easy, too, to compass this,  
 So thou wert kind ; and easy to my soul  
 Were harder things if I could reach the goal  
 Of all I crave, and consummate a bliss  
 In mine own fashion, and compel a kiss  
 Mere fraught with honour than a king's control.

## XIX.

It is not much to say that I would die,—  
It is not much to say that I would dare  
Torture, and doom, and death, could I but share  
One kiss with thee. For then, without a sigh,  
I'd teach thee pity, and be graced thereby,  
Wet with thy tears, and shrouded by thy hair.

## XX.

It is not much to say that this is so ;  
Yet I would sell my substance and my breath,  
And all the joy that comes from Nazareth,  
And all the peace that all the angels know,  
To lie with thee, one minute, in the snow  
Of thy white bosom, ere I sank in death !



Letter IV.

YEARNINGS.





## LETTER IV.

### YEARNINGS.

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#### I.

THE earth is glad, I know, when night is spent,  
For then she wakes the birdlings in the bower.  
And, one by one, the rosy-footed hours  
Start for the race ; and from his crimson tent  
The soldier-sun looks o'er the firmament ;  
And all his path is strewn with festal flowers.

#### II.

But what his mission ? What the happy quest  
Of all this toil ? He journeys on his way  
As Cæsar did, unbiass'd by the sway  
Of maid or man. His goal is in the west,  
Will he unbuckle there, and, in his rest,  
Dream of the gods who died in Nero's day ?

Will he arraign the traitor in his camp?

The Winter Comet who, with streaming hair,  
Attack'd the sweetest of the Pleiads fair  
And ravish'd her, and left her in the damp  
Of dull decay, nor re-illumin'd the lamp  
That show'd the place she occupied in air.

## IV.

No; 'tis not so! He seeks his lady-moon,  
The gentle orb for whom Endymion sigh'd,  
And trusts to find her by the ocean tide,  
Or near a forest in the coming June;  
For he has lov'd her since she late did swoon  
In that eclipse of which she nearly died.

## V.

He knew her then; he knew her in the glow  
Of all her charms. He knew that she was chaste,  
And that she wore a girdle at her waist  
Whiter than pearl. And when he eyed her so  
He knew that in the final overthrow  
He should prevail, and she should be embraced.

## VI.

But were I minded thus, were I the sun,  
And thou the moon, I would not bide so long  
To hear the marvels of thy wedding-song;  
For I would have the planets, every one,  
Conduct thee home, before the day was done,  
And call thee queen, and crown thee in the throng.

## VII.

And, like Apollo, I would fixh on thee,  
 And rend thy veil, and call thee by the name  
 That Daphne lov'd, the load-star of his flame ;  
 And make myself for thee as white to see  
 As whitest marble, and as wildly free  
 As Leda's lover with his look of flame.

## VIII.

And there should then be fêtes that should not cease  
 Till I had kiss'd thee, lov'd one ! in a trance  
 Lasting a life-time, through a life's romance ;  
 And every star should have a mate apiece,  
 And I would teach them how, in ancient Greece,  
 The gods were masters of the maidens' dance.

## IX.

I should be bold to act ; and thou should'st feel  
 Terror and joy combin'd, in all the spau  
 Of thy sweet body, ere my fingers ran  
 From curl to curl, to prompt thee how to kneel ;  
 And then, soul-stricken by thy mute appeal,  
 I should be quick to answer like a man.

## X.

What I have I sinn'd, dear Lady ? have I sinn'd  
 To talk so wildly ? Have I sinn'd in this ?  
 An angel's mouth was surely meant to kiss !  
 Or have I dreamt of courtship out in Inde  
 In some wild wood ? My soul is fever-thinn'd,  
 And fierce and faint, and frauded of its bliss.

## XL.

I will not weep. I will not in the night  
 Weep or lament, or, bending on my knees,  
 Appeal for pity! In the clustered trees  
 The wind is boasting of its one delight;  
 And I will boast of mine, in thy despite,  
 And say I love thee more than all of these.

\*

## XII.

The rose in bloom, the linnet as it sings,  
 The fox, the fawn, the cygnet on the mere,  
 The dragon-fly that glitters like a spear,—  
 All these, and more, all these ecstatic things,  
 Possess their mates; and some arrive on wings,  
 And some on webs, to make their meanings clear

## XIII.

Yea, all these things, and more than I can tell,  
 More than the most we know of, one and all,  
 Do talk of Love. There is no other call  
 From wind to wave, from rose to asphodel,  
 Than Love's alone—the thing we cannot quell,  
 Do what we will, from font to funeral.

## XIV.

What have I done, I only on the earth,  
 That I should wait a century for a word?  
 A hundred years, I know, have been deserr'd  
 Since last we met, and then it was in dearth  
 Of gladsome peace; for, in a moment's girth,  
 My shuddering soul was wounded like a bird.

## XV.

I knew thy voice. I knew the veering sound  
 Of that sweet oracle which once did tend  
 To treat me grandly, as we treat a friend ;  
 And I would know't if darkly underground  
 I lay, as dead, or, down among the drown'd,  
 I blindly stared, unvalued to the end.

## XVI.

There I take again the kiss I took from thee  
 Last night in sleep. I met thee in a dream  
 And drew thee closer than a monk may deem  
 Good for the soul. I know not how it be,  
 But this I know : if God be good to me  
 I shall be raised again to thine esteem.

## XVII.

I touched thy neck. I kiss'd it. I was bold.  
 And bold am I, to-day, to call to mind  
 How, in the night, a murmur not unkind  
 Broke on mine ear ; a something new and old  
 Quick in thy breath, as when a tale is told  
 Of some great hope with madness intertwined.

## XVIII.

And round my lips, in joy and yet in fear,  
 There seemed to dart the stings of kisses warm.  
 These were my honey-bees, and soon would swarm  
 To choose their queen. But ere they did appear,  
 I heard again that murmur in mine ear  
 Which seem'd to speak of calm before a storm.

## XIX.

“ What is it, love ? ” I whispered in my sleep,  
And turned to thee, as April unto May.  
“ Art mine in truth, mine own, by night and day,  
Now and for ever ! ” And I heard thee weep,  
And then persuade ; and then my soul did leap,  
Swiftly to thine, in love’s ecstatic sway.

I fondled thee ! I drew thee to my heart,  
Well knowing in the dark that joy is dumb.  
And then a cry, a sigh, a sob, did come  
Forth from thy lips. . . . I waken’d, with a start,  
To find thee gone. The day had taken part  
Against the total of my blisses’ sum.



Letter V.

CONFessions.





## LETTER V.

### CONFESSIONS.

— :o: —

O LADY mine ! O Lady of my Life !  
Mine and not mine, a being of the sky  
Turn'd into Woman, and I know not why  
Is't well, bethink thee, to maintain a strife  
With thy poor servant ? War unto the knife,  
Because I greet thee with a lover's eye ?

Is't well to visit me with thy disdain,  
And rack my soul, because, for love of thee,  
I was too prone to sink upon my knee,  
And too intent to make my meaning plain,  
And too resolved to make my loss a gain  
To do thee good, by Love's immortal plea ?

## III.

O friend ! forgive me for my dream of bliss,  
 Forgive : forget ; be just ! Wilt not forgive ?  
 Not though my tears should fall, as through a sieve  
 The salt sea-sand ? What joy hast thou in this :  
 To be a maid, and marvel at a kiss ?  
 Say I Must I die, to prove that I can live ?

Shall this be so ? E'en this ? And all my love  
 Wreck'd in an instant ? No, a gentle heart  
 Beats in thy bosom ; and the shades depart  
 From all fair gardens, and from skies above,  
 When thou art near. For thou art like a dove,  
 And dainty thoughts are with thee where thou art.

## V.

Oh ! it is like the death of dearest kin,  
 To wake and find the fancies of the brain  
 Seal'd and confused. We languish in the strain  
 Of some lost music, and we find within,  
 Deep in the heart, the record of a sin,  
 The thrill thereof, and all the blissful pain.

## VI.

For it is deadly sin to love too well,  
 And unappeased, unhonour'd, unbesought,  
 To feed on dreams ; and yet 'tis aptly thought  
 That all must love. E'en those who most rebel  
 In Eros' camp have known his master-spell ;  
 And more shall learn than Eros yet has taught.

## VII.

But I am mad to love. I am not wise.  
 I am the worst of men to love the best  
 Of all sweet women ! An untimely jest,  
 A thing made up of rhapsodies, and sighs,  
 And upordained on earth, and in the skies,  
 And undesired in tumult and in rest.

## VIII.

All this is true. I know it. I am he.  
 I am that man. I am the hated friend  
 Who once received a smile and sought to mend  
 His soul with hope. O tyrant ! by the plea  
 Of all thy grace, do thou accept from me  
 At least the notes that know not to offend.

## IX.

See ! I will strike again the major chord  
 Of that great song, which, in his early days,  
 Beethoven wrote, and thine shall be the praise,  
 And thine the frenzy like a soldier's sword  
 Flashing therein ; and thine, O thou adored  
 And bright true Lady ! all the poet's lays.

## X.

To thee, to thee, the songs of all my joy,  
 To thee the songs that wildly seem to bless,  
 And those that mind thee of a past caress.  
 Lo ! with a whisper to the Winged Boy  
 Who rules my fate, I will my strength employ  
 To make a matin-song of my distress.

## XII.

But playing thus, and toying with the notes,  
 I half forget the cause I have to weep ;  
 And, like a reaper in the realms of sleep,  
 I hear the bird of morning where he floats  
 High in the welkin, and in fairy boats  
 I see the minstrels sail upon the deep.

## XIII.

In mid-suspension of my leaping bow  
 I almost hear the silence of the night ;  
 And, in my soul, I know the stars are bright  
 Because they love, and that they brightly glow  
 To make it clear that there is nought below,  
 And nought above, so fair as Love's delight.

## XIV.

But shall I touch thy heart by speech alone,  
 Without Amati ? Shall I prove, by words,  
 That hope is meant for men as well as birds ;  
 That I would take a scorpion, or a stone,  
 In lieu of gold, and sacrifice a throne  
 To be the keeper of thy flocks and herds ?

## XV.

Ah no, my Lady ! though I sang to thee  
 With fuller voice than sings the nightingale—  
 Fuller and softer in the moonlight pale  
 Than lays of Keats, or Shelley, or the free  
 And fire-lipp'd Byron—there would come to me  
 No word of thine to thank me for the tale.

## XV.

Thou would'st not heed. Thou would'st not any-when,  
 In bower or grove—or in the holly nook  
 Which shields thy bed—thou would'st not care to look  
 For thoughts of mine, th' agh faithful in their ken  
 As are the minds of England's fighting men  
 When they inscribe their name, in Honour's book.

## XVI.

Thou would'st not care to scan my face, and through  
 This face of mire, the soul, for scraps of thought.  
 Yet 'tis a face that somewhere has been taught  
 To smile in tears. Mine eyz are somewhat blue  
 And quick to flash (if what I hear be true)  
 And dark, at times, as 'evet newly wrought.

## XVII.

But wilt thou own it? Wilt thou in the scroll  
 Of my sad life, perceive, as in a hive,  
 A thousand happy fancies that contrive  
 To seek thee out? Thy bosom is the goal  
 Of all my thoughts, and quick to thy control  
 They wend their way, elate to be alive.

## XVIII.

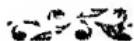
But there is something I could never bring  
 My soul to compass. No I could I compel  
 Thy plighted troth, I would not have thee tell  
 A lie to God. I'll have no wedding-ring  
 With loveless hands around my neck to cling;  
 For this were worse than all the fires of hell.

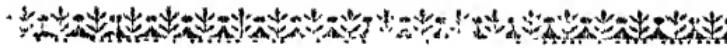
## XXX.

I would not take thee from a lover's lips,  
Or from the rostrum of a roaring crowd,  
Or from the memory of a husband's shroud,  
Or from the goblet where a Caesar sips.  
I would not touch thee with my finger tips,  
But I would die to serve thee,—and be proud.

## XXX.

And could I enter Heaven, and find therein,  
In all the wide dominions of the air,  
No trace of thee among the natives there,  
I would not bide with them --No ! not to win  
A seraph's lyre-- but I would sin a sin,  
And free my soul, and seek thee otherwhence !





Letter VI.

DESPAIR.







## LETTER VI.

### DESPAIR.

I AM undone. My help has beggar'd me,  
For I have lov'd where loving was denied.  
To-day is dark, and Yesterday has died,  
And when To-morrow comes, erect and free,  
Like some great king, whose tyrant will he be,  
And whose defender in the days of pride?

### II.

I am not cold, and yet November hands  
Compress my heart. I know the month is May,  
And that the sun will warm me if I stay.  
But who is this? Oh, who is this that stands  
Straight in my path, and with his bony hands  
Appeals to me to turn some other way?

## III.

It is the phantom of my bair'd joy,  
 Which once again has come to persecute,  
 And tell me tales which late I did refute.  
 But lo ! I now must heed them, as a boy  
 Takes up, in tears, the remnants of a toy,  
 Or baird forlorn the fragments of a lute.

## IV.

It is the ghost that, day by day, did come  
 To tempt my spirit to the mountain-peak ;  
 It is the thing that wept, and would not speak,  
 And, with a sign, to show that it was dumb,  
 Did seem to hint at Death that was the sum  
 Of all we know, and all we strive to seek.

## V.

And now it comes again, and with its eye  
 Bloodshot and clear, though pallid in its face,  
 Doth point, exacting, to the very place  
 Where I do keep, that no one may descry,  
 A lady's glove, a ribbon, and a dry,  
 A perjur'd rose, which oft I did embrace.

## VI.

It means, perchance, that I must make an end  
 Of all these things, and burn them as a fee  
 To my despair, when down upon my knee.  
 O piteous thing ! have pity ; be my friend ;  
 Or say, at least, that blessings will descend  
 On her I love, on her if not on me !

## VII.

The Shape did smile,<sup>4</sup>, and, wildly, with a start,  
 Did shrivel up, as when a fire is spent,  
 Whereof the smoke obscured the firmament.  
 And then I knew it had but tried my heart,  
 To teach me how to play a manly part,  
 And strengthen me in all my good intent.

## VIII.

And here I stand alone, even like a leaf  
 In sudden frost, as quiet as the wing  
 Of wounded bird, which knows it cannot sing.  
 A child may moan, but not a mountain chief.  
 If we be sad, if we possess a gro.  
 The grief should be the slave, and not the king.

## IX.

Yes, I will pause, and pluck from out the Past  
 The full discernment of my wavy cheer,  
 And why the vanlight seems no longer clear,  
 And why, in spite of anguish, and the vast,  
 The sickly blank that o'er my life is cast,  
 I cannot kneel to-day, or shed a tear.

## X.

It was thy friend-hip. It was this I had,  
 This and no more. I was a fool to doubt,  
 I was a fool to strive to put to rout  
 My many foes:— thy musings tender-glad,  
 Which all had said:—“Avoid him! he is mad—  
 Mad with his love, and Love’s erratic shout.”

## XII.

## 6

I should have known, — I should have guess'd in time, —  
 That, like a soft mirage at twilight hour,  
 My dream would melt, and rob me of its dower.  
 I should have guess'd that all the heights sublime,  
 Which look'd like spires and cities built in rhyme,  
 Would droop and die, like petals from a flower.

## XIII.

I should have known, indeed, that to the brave  
 All things are servants. But my lost Delight  
 Was like the ship that founders in a night,  
 And leaves no mark. How then? Is Passion's grave  
 All that is left beneath the sounding wave?  
 The foam thereof, the gloom, and the blight?

## XIV.

I had a fleet of ships, and where are they?  
 Where are they? Still and where the merchandise  
 I treasured once, an empire's golden prize,  
 The empire of a soul, which, in a day,  
 Lost all its wealth? I was deceiv'd, I say,  
 For I had reckon'd on tropitous skies.

## XV.

I look'd afar, and saw no sign of wreck,  
 I look'd afar, and felt the summer breeze  
 Warm on my cheek; and forth upon the seas  
 I sent my ships; and would not have them back,  
 Though some avert'd a storm was on the track  
 Of all I lov'd, and all I own'd of these.

## XV.

One ship was "Joy," the second "Truth," the third  
 "Love in a Dream," and, last not least of all,  
 "Hope," and "Content," and "I ride that hath  
 a Fall."

And they were goodly vessels, by my word,  
 With sails as strong as pinions of a bird,  
 And crew that answer'd well to Duty's call.

## XVI.

In one of these—in "Hope"—where I did fly  
 A lofty banner,—in this ship I found  
 Doom's-day at last, and all my crew were drown'd.  
 Yes, I was wreck'd in this, and here I lie,  
 Here on the beach, forlorn and like to die,  
 With none to pray for me on holy ground.

## XVII.

O sweet my Lady! If thou pass this way,  
 And thou behold me where I lie beset  
 By wind and wave, and powerless to forget,  
 Wilt not approach me thoughtfully and say:—  
 "This man was true. He lov'd me night and day  
 And though I spurn'd at him, he loves me yet."

## XVIII.

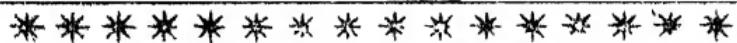
Wilt not withhold thy blame, at least to-night,  
 And shed for me a tear, as one may grieve  
 For people known in books, for men who weave  
 Ropes out of sand, to lead them to the light?  
 Oh! treat me thus, and, by thy hand so white,  
 I will forego the dreams to which I cleave.

## XIX.

Be just to me, and say, when all is o'er,  
When some such task is calmly laid aside :  
"The shadow-men have liv'd and lov'd and died ;  
The shadow-women will be vexed no more.  
But there is One for whom my heart is sore,  
Because he took a shadow for his guide."

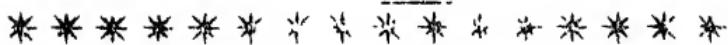
## XX.

Say only this ; but pray for me withal,  
And let a pitying thought possess thee then,  
Whether at home, at sea, or in a glen  
In some wild nook. It were a joy to fall  
Dead at thy feet, as at a trumpet's call,  
For I should then be peerless among men !



## Letter VII.

• H O P E. •







## LETTER VII.

HOPE.

O TEARS of mine ! Ye start I know not why,  
Unless, indeed, to prove that I am glad,  
Albeit fast wedded to a thought so sad  
I scarce can deem that my despair will die,  
Or that the sun, careering up the sky,  
Will warm again a world that seem'd so mad.

And yet, who knows ? The world is, to the mind,  
Much as we make it ; and the things we tend  
Wear, for the nonce, the liveries that we lend.  
And some such things are fair, though ill-defined,  
And some are scathing, like the wintry wind ;  
And some begin, and some will never end.

## III.

How can I think, ye tears ! that I have been  
 'The thing I was—so doubting, so unfit,  
 And so unblest, with brows for ever knit,  
 And hair unkempt, and face becoming lean  
 And cold and pale, as it I late had seen  
 Medusa's head, and all the scowls of it ?

Oh, why is this ? Oh, why have I so long  
 Blooded on grief, and made myself a bane  
 To golden fields and all the happy plain  
 Where once I met the Lady of my Song,  
 The lady for whose sake I shall be strong,  
 But never weak or diffident again ?

I was too shorn of hope. I did employ  
 Words like a mourner ; and to Her I bow'd,  
 As one might kneel to Glory in its shroud.  
 But I am crown'd to-day, and not so coy—  
 Crown'd with a kiss, and sceptred with a joy ;  
 And all the world shd see that I am proud.

I shall be sated now. I shall receive  
 More than the guerdon of my wildest thought,  
 More than the most that ecstasy has taught  
 To saints in Heaven ; and more than poets weave  
 In madcap verse, to warn us, or deceive ;  
 And more than Adam knew ere Eve was brought.

## VII.

I know the meaning now of all the signs,  
And all the joys I dreamt of in my dreams.

I realise the comfort of the streams  
When they reflect the shadows of the pines.  
I know that there is hope for celandines,  
And that a tree is merrier than it seems.

## VIII.

I know the mighty hills have much to tell ;  
And that they quake, at times, in undertone,  
And talk to stars, because so much alone  
And so unlov'd. I know that, in the dell,  
Flowers are betroth'd, and that a wedding-bell  
Rings in the breeze on which a moth has flown.

I know such things, because to loving hearts  
Nature is keen, and pleasures, long delay'd,  
Quicken the pulse, and turn a truant shade  
Into a sprite, equipp'd with all the arts  
That once were Cupid's ; and the day departs,  
And sun and moon conjoin, a man with maid

## X.

The lover knows how grand a thing is love,  
How grand, how sweet a thing, and how divine  
More than the pouring out of choicest wine ;  
More than the whiteness of the whitest dove,  
More than the glittering of the stars above ;  
And such a love, O Love ! is thine and mine.

## XI.

To me the world, to-day, has grown so fair  
 I dare not trust my elf to think of it.  
 Visions of light round me seem to flit,  
 And Phœbus loosens all his golden hair  
 Right down the sky ; and ladies turn and stare  
 At things we see not with our human wit.

## XII.

And here, believe me, there are mosses green  
 In shelter'd nooks, and gnats in bright array,  
 And lordly beetles out for holiday :  
 And spiders small that work in silver sheer  
 To make a little for the Fairy Queen,  
 That she may don it on the First of May.

## XIII.

I hear, in thought, I hear the very words  
 That Arethusa, turn'd into a brook,  
 Spoke to Diana, when her leave she took  
 Of all she lov'd - low whisper, as the birds  
 Shrill'd out of time, and all the frighten'd herds  
 Scamper'd to death, in spite of pipe and crook.

## XIV.

I know, to-day, why winds were made to sigh  
 And why they hide themselves, and why they gloat  
 In some old ruin ! Mote confers with mote,  
 And shell with shell ; and corals live and die,  
 And die and live, below the deep. And why ?  
 To make a necklace for my lady's throat.

## XIV.

And yet the world, in all its varied girth,  
 Lacks what we look for. There is something base  
 In mere existence—something in the face  
 Of men and women which accept the earth,  
 And all its havings, as its right of birth,  
 But not its quittance, nor its resting-place.

## XV.

There have been moments, at the set of sun,  
 When I have long'd for wings upon the wind,  
 That I might seek a planet to my mind,  
 More full-develop'd than this present one,  
 With more of scope, where all is said and done,  
 To satisfy the wants of human kind.

## XVI.

A world with them alone in some remote  
 And unknown region, 'tis no sage's ken  
 Has compass'd it, of which no human pen  
 Has traced the bound, where all terrors float  
 In wind or wave, and where the soul may note  
 A thousand captures unavailed to men.

## XVII.

To be transported in a magic car,  
 On some transcendent night in July June  
 Beyond the hor'd projections of the moon;  
 To have our being in a bridd star,  
 In lands of light, where only angels are,  
 Athwart the spaces where the comets swoon.

## XIX.

To be all this : to have in our estate  
Worlds without stint, and quit them for the clay  
Of some new planet where a summer's day  
Lasts fifty years ; and there to celebrate  
Our Golden Wedding, by the will of Fate—  
This were a subject for a scribe's lay.

## XX.

This were a life to live, -- a life indeed,--  
A thing to die for ; if, in truth, we die  
When we but put our mortal vestments by.  
This were a church for a lover's need  
Sweeter than songs, and holier 'n the creed  
Of half the zealots who have sought the sky.



LETTER VIII.

A VISION.





## LETTER VIII.

### A VISION

— — — — —

**Y**ES, I will tell thee verbatim, a week ago,  
I dreamt of thee, and all the joy therein  
Which I conceiv'd, and all the holy din  
Of throbbing music, which appear'd to flow  
From room to room, as if to make me know  
The power thereof to lead me out of sin.

### II.

Methought I saw thee in a ray of light,  
This side a grove -- a dream within a dream --  
With eyes of tender pleading, and the gleam  
Of far-off summers in thy tresses bright;  
And I did tremble at the gracious sight,  
As one who sees a naked in a stream.

## III.

I follow'd thee. I knew that, in the wood,  
 Where thus we met, there was a trysting-place.  
 I follow'd thee, as mortals in a chase  
 Follow the deer. I knew that it was good  
 To track thy step, and promptly understood  
 The sultry blyth that flattered'd to thy face,

## IV.

I followed thee to where a brook did run  
 Close to a grot ; and there I knelt to thee.  
 And then a score of birds flew over me, —  
 Birds which arrived because the day was done,  
 To sing the Sanctus of the setting sun ;  
 And then I heard thy voice upon the lea.

## V.

"Follow ! " it cried. I rose and follow'd fast ;  
 And, in my dream, I felt the dream was true,  
 And that, full soon, Titania, with her crew  
 Of imps and fays, would meet me on the blast.  
 But this was hindered, and I quickly passed  
 Into the valley where the cedars grew.

## VI.

And what a scene, O God ! and what repose,  
 And what sad splendour in the burning west :  
 A languid sun low-dropping to his rest,  
 And incense rising, as of old it rose,  
 To do him honour at the daylight's close, —  
 The birds entranced, and all the winds repress'd.

## J VII.

I followed thee. I came to where a shrine  
Stood in the trees, and where an oaken gate  
Swung in the air, so turbulent of late.  
I touch'd thy hand ; it quiv'r'd like mine ;  
And then I look'd into thy face benign,  
And saw the smile for whom the angels wait.

## VIII.

And lo ! the moon had sailed into the main  
Of that blue sky, as in the morn did pause  
A silver boat ; and then a tuneful noise  
Broke from the copse where poor Idaez was slain  
And nightingale in melody of pain,  
Did break their heart, with longing; the old joys.

## IX.

" Is this the spot ? " I cried, " is this the spot  
Where I must tell thee all my heart's desire ?  
Is this the time when I must drink the fire,  
And eat the snow, and find it fever-hot ?  
I freeze with heat, and yet I fear it not ;  
And all my pulses thrill me like a lyre."

A wondrous light was thrown upon thy face ;  
It was the light within : it was the ray  
Of thine own soul. And then a voice did say,  
" Glory to God the King, and Jesu's grace  
Here and hereafter ! " And about the place  
A radiance shone surpassing that of day.

## xli.

It was thy voice. It was the voice I prize  
 More than the sound of April in the dales,  
 More than the songs of larks and nightingales,  
 And more than teachings of the worldly-wise.  
 "Glory to God," it said, "for, in the skies,  
 And here on earth, 't is He alone prevails."

## xlii.

And then I asked thee— "Shall I tell thee now  
 All that I think of, when, by land and sea,  
 The days and nights dumb the world for me?  
 And how I muse on marriage, as I bow  
 In God's own place, with a throbbing brow?  
 And how, at night, I dream of kissing thee?"

## xliii.

But thou didst answer— "First behold this man!  
 He is thy lord, for love's and lady's sake;  
 He is thy master, or I much mistake."  
 And I perceiv'd, hard by, a phantom wan  
 And wild and kingly, who did, walking, span  
 The open space that lay beside the brake.

## xlv.

It was Beethoven. It was he who came  
 From monstrous shades, to journey yet awhile  
 To pleasant nooks, and vainly seek the smile  
 Of one lov'd woman—she to whom his fame  
 Had been a glory had she sought the same,  
 And lov'd a soul so grand, so free from guile.

## xv.

It was the Kaiser of the land of song,  
The giant-singer who did storm the gates  
Of Heaven and Hell, a man to whom the Fates  
Were fierce as furies, and who suffer'd wrong  
And ahd and bore it, and was brave and strong,  
But gaunt as ocean when its rage abates.

## xvi.

I knew his tread. I knew him by his look  
Of pent-up sorrow -- by his hair unkempt  
And torn attire -- and by his smile exempt  
From all but pleading. Yet his body shook  
With some great joy ; and onward he betook  
His echoing steps the way that I had dreamt.

I bow'd my head. The lordly being pass'd.  
He was my king, and I did bow to him.  
And when I rais'd mine eyes they were as dim  
As tears could make them. And the moon, aghast,  
Glared in the sky ; and westward came a blast  
Which shook the earth like shouts of cherubim.

## xviii.

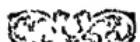
I held my breath. I could have fled the place,  
As men have fled before the wrath of God.  
But I beheld my Lady where she trod  
The darken'd path ; and I did cry apace :  
" Help me, my Lady ! " and thy lustious face  
Gladden'd the air, and quicken'd all the sod.

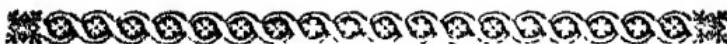
## XIX.

Then did I hear again that voice of cheer.  
 "Lovest thou me," it said, "or music best?"  
 I seized thy hand, I drew thee to my breast.  
 "Thee, only thee!" I cried. "From year to year,  
 Thee, only thee--not ~~fair~~ not ~~fair~~!" And silver-clear,  
 Thy voice responded. "God will grant the rest."

## XX.

I kiss'd thine eyes. I kiss'd them where the blue  
 Peep'd smiling foul; as I proudly as before  
 I heard the tones that thrill'd me to the core.  
 "If thou love me," they said, "if thou be true,  
 Thou shalt have fame, and love, and music too!"  
 Entranced I kiss'd the lips that I adore





Letter IX.

TO-MORROW.







## LETTER IX.

TO-MORROW.

- 50 -

I

O LOVE ! O Love ! O Gateway of Delight !  
Thou porch of peace, thou pageant of the prin-  
Of all God's creatures ! I am here to climb  
Thine upward steps, and daily and by night  
To gaze beyond them, and to search aright  
The far-off splendour of thy track sublime.

II.

For, in thy precincts, on the further side,  
Beyond the turret where the bells are rung,  
Beyond the chapel where the rites are sung,  
There is a garden fit for any bride.  
O Love ! by thee, by thee are sanctified  
The joys thereof to keep our spirits young.

## III.

By thee, dear Love ! by thee, if all be well--  
 And we be wise enough to own the touch  
 Of some bright folly that has thrill'd us much--  
 By thee, till death, we may regain the spell  
 Of wizard Merlin, and in every dell  
 Confront a Muse, and bow to it as such.

## IV.

Love ! Happy Love ! Behold me where I stand  
 This side thy portal, with my straining eyes  
 Turn'd to the Future. Cloudless are the skies,  
 And, far adown the road which thou hast spann'd,  
 I see the groves of that elected land  
 Which is the place I call my paradise.

But what is this ? The plains are known to me ;  
 The hills are known, the fields, the little fence,  
 The noisy brook as clear as innocence,  
 And this old oak, the wonder of the lea,  
 Which stops the wind to know if there shall be  
 Sorrow for men, or pride, or recompense.

## VI.

I know those things, yet hold it little blame  
 To know them not, though in their proud array,  
 The flowers advance to make the world so gay.  
 Ah, what a change ! The things I know by name  
 Look unfamiliar all, and, like a flame,  
 The roses burn upon the hedge to-day.

## VII.

The grass is velvet. There are pearls thereon,  
 And golden signs, and braid that doth appear  
 Made for a bridal. This is fairy gear  
 If I mistake not. I shall know anon.  
 Nature herself will teach me how to con  
 The new-found words to thank the glowing year.

## VIII.

This is the path that led me 'o the brook :  
 And this the mead, an' this the mossy slope,  
 And this the place where breezes did slope  
 With giddy moths + namou'ld of a look ;  
 And here I sat alone, an' with a book,  
 Dreaming the dreams of constancy and hope.

## IX.

I loved the river well, but not till now  
 Did I perceive the marvels of the shore.  
 This is a cave, and this an emerald floor ;  
 And here Sir Eglantine might make a vow,  
 And here a king, a guilty king, might bow  
 Before a child, and break his word no more.

## X.

The day is dying. I shall see him die,  
 And I shall watch the sunset, and the red  
 Of all that splendour when the day is dead.  
 And I shall see the stars upon the sky,  
 And think them torches that are lit on high  
 To light the Lord Apollo to his bed.

## XL.

And sweet To-morrow, like a golden bark,  
 Will call for me, and lead me on apace  
 To where I shall behold in all her grace,  
 Mine own true Lady, whom a happy lark  
 Did late salute, appointing, after dark,  
 A nightingale to carol to his place.

## XII.

Oh, come to me : Oh, come, beloved day,  
 O sweet To-morrow ! Youngest of the sons  
 Of old King Time, to whom Creation runs  
 As men to God. Oh, quickly with thy ray  
 Anoint my head, and teach me how to pray,  
 As genu. Je us taught the little ones.

## XIII.

I am awary of the waiting hours,  
 I am awary of the tardy night.  
 The hungry moments rob me of delight,  
 The crawling minutes steal away my powers ;  
 And I am sick at heart, a, one who cowers,  
 In lonely haunts, remov'd from human sight.

## XIV.

How shall I think the night was meant for sleep,  
 When I must count the dismal hours thereof,  
 And cannot beat them down, or bid them doff  
 Their hateful masks ? A man may wake and weep  
 From hour to hour, and, in the silence deep,  
 See shadows move, and almost hear them scoff.

## XV.

Oh, come to me, To-morrow I'll a friend,  
 And not as one who baulth for the clock.  
 Be swift to come, and I will hear thee knock,  
 And though the night refuse to make an end  
 Of her dull peace, I promptly will descend  
 And let thee in, and thank thee for the shock.

## XVI.

Dear, good To-morrow I'm my life, till now,  
 I did not think to need thee quite so soon.  
 I did not think that I should hate the moon,  
 Or new or old, or that my severed brow  
 Requir'd the sun to cool it. I will bow  
 To this new day, that he may grant the boon.

## XVII.

Yes, 'twill consent. The day will dawn at last,  
 Day and the tide approach. They cannot rest.  
 They must approach. They must by every test  
 Of all men's knowledge, never slow nor fast,  
 Approach and trouz us. When the night is past,  
 The morrow's dawn will lead me to my quest.

## XVIII.

Then shall I tremble greatly, and be glad,  
 For I shall meet my true-love all alone,  
 And none shall tell me of her dainty zone,  
 And none shall say how sweetly she is clad ;  
 But I shall know it. Men may call me mad ;  
 But I shall know how bright the world has grown.

## XIX.

There is a grammar of the lips and eyes,  
And I have learnt it. There are tokens sure  
Of trust in love, and I have found them pure.  
Is love the guerdon then? Is love the prize?  
It is! It is! We find it in the skies,  
And here on earth 'tis all that will endure.

## XX.

All things for love. All things in some divine  
And wish'd for way, conspire, as Nature knows,  
To some great good. Where'er a daisy grows  
There grows a joy. The forest-trees combine  
To talk of peace when mortals would repine;  
And he is false to God who flouts the rose. \*



குழந்தைகளுக்காகவே நீங்கள் குழந்தைகளுக்காகவே நீங்கள்

Letter X.

A RETROSPECT.

குழந்தைகளுக்காகவே நீங்கள் குழந்தைகளுக்காகவே நீங்கள்





## LETTER II.

### A RETROSPECT

I WALK again beside the roaring sea,  
And once again I harken to the speech  
Of waves exulting on the madden'd beach.  
A sound of awful joy it seems to me,  
A shuddering sound of God's eternity,—  
Telling of things beyond the sage's reach.

I walk alone. I see the bounding waves  
Curl'd into foam. I watch them as they leap  
Like wild sea-horses loosen'd from the deep.  
And well I know that they have seen the graves  
Of shipwreck'd sailors; for Disaster paves  
The fearful fields where reapers cannot reap.

## III.

Out there, in islands where the summer sun  
 Goes down in tempest, there are loathsome things  
 That crawl to shore, and flap unsightly wings.  
 But here there are no monsters that can run  
 To catch the limbs of bathers ; no ! not one ;  
 And here the wind is harmless when it stings.

## IV.

There is a glamour all about the bay,  
 As if the nymphs of Greece had tarried here.  
 The sands are golden, and the rocks appear  
 Crested with silver ; and the breezes play  
 Snatches of song they humm'd when far away,  
 And then are hush'd, as if from sudden fear.

## V.

They think of thee. They hunt ; they meditate.  
 They will not quit the shore till they have seen  
 The very spot where thou did'st stand serene  
 In all thy beauty ; and of me they prate,  
 Knowing I love thee. And, like one elate,  
 The grand old sea remembers what hath been.

## VI.

How many hours, how many days we met  
 Here on the beach, in that delirious time  
 When all the waves appear'd to break in rhyme.  
 Life was a joy, and love was like a debt  
 Paid and repaid in kisses—good to get,  
 And good to lose—unhoarded, yet sublime.

## VII.

We wander'd here. We saw the tide advance,  
We saw it ebb. We saw the ~~yellow'd~~ shore  
Waiting for Ocean with its organ roar,  
Knowing that, day by day, through happy chance,  
She would be wooed anew, amid the dance  
Of bridal waves, high bounding, as before.

## VIII.

And I remember how, at flush of morn,  
Thou didst depart alone, to find a nook  
Where none could see thee ; where a lover's look  
Were profanation worse than any scorn ;  
And how I went my way, among the corn,  
To wait for thee beside the Shepherd's brook.

## IX.

And lo ! from out a cave thou didst emerge,  
Sweet as thyself, the flower of Womankind.  
I know 'twas thus ; for, in my secret mind,  
I see thee now. I see thee in the surge  
Of those wild waves, well knowing that they urge  
Some idle wish, untalk'd-of to the wind.

## X.

I think the beach was thankful to have known  
Thy warm, white body, and the blessedness  
Of thy first shiver ; and I well can guess  
How, when thy limbs were toss'd and overthrown,  
The sea was pleased, and every small stone,  
And every wave, was proud of thy caress.

## XI.

A maiden diving, with disher ell'd hair,  
 Sheer from a rock; a syren of the deep  
 Call'd into action, ere a wave could leap  
 Breast-high to daunt her; Daphne, by a prayer,  
 Lured from a forest for the sea to bear—  
 This were a dream to fill a poet's sleep.

## XII.

This were a thing for Phœbus to have eyed;  
 And he did eye it. Yea, the Deathless One  
 Did eye thy beauty. It was madly done.  
 He saw thee in the rising of the tide.  
 He saw thee well. The truth is not denied:  
 The shore was proud to show thee to the sun.

## XIII.

Never since Venus, at a god's decree,  
 Uprose from ocean, has there lived on earth  
 A face like thine, a form of so much worth;  
 And nowhere has the moon-obeying sea  
 Known such perfection, down from head to knee,  
 And knee to foot, since that Olympian birth.

## XIV.

And, sooth, the moon was anxious to have placed  
 Her head beside thine, on the waters bright.  
 But she was foil'd; for thou so late at night  
 Wouldst not go forth: no! not to be embraced  
 By Nature's Queen, though, round about the waist,  
 She would have ring'd thee with her softest light.

## XV.

Ah me ! had I a lute of sovereign power  
I would enlarge on this, and plainly show  
That there is nothing like thee here below,—  
Nothing so comely, nothing in its bower  
Of youth and grace, so like a human flower,  
And white withal, and guiltless as the snow.

## XVI.

For thou art fair as lily, with the lark  
That roses have whilom waiting for a kiss  
And when thou smilest, in thy coming amiss,  
The earth is glad to see thy simple blush.  
Had I the lute of Apollo, I would bush  
All meane sounds to tell thine ears of this.

## XVII.

I would, I swear, by Palla's own content,  
Inform all creatures when the star, behold  
That thou art mine, and thine a pen of gold,  
With ink of fire, though by an angel sent,  
Were all too poor to tell my true content,  
And how I love thee seven times seventy fold.

## XVIII.

And sure am I that, in the ancient day,  
Achilles heard no voice so passing sweet,  
And none so trancing, none that could compete  
With thine for fervour ; none, in watery ways  
Where Neptune dwelt, so worthy of the praise  
Of Thetis' son, the sure and swift of feet.

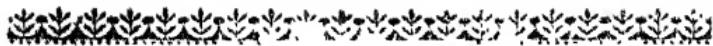
## XIX.

He never met upon the plains of Troy  
Goddess or maiden so divinely fraught.  
Not Helen's self, for whom the Trojans fought,  
Was like to thee. Her love had much alloy,  
But thine has none. Her beauty was a toy,  
But thine's a gem, unallded and unbought.

## xx

And ne'er was seen by poet in a sweaven,  
An eye like thine, a face so fair to see  
As that which makes the sunlight sweet to me.  
Nor need I wait for death, or for the levin  
In yonder cloud, to find the path to Heaven,  
It fronts me here. 'Tis unfeast in thee!





## Letter XI.

### FAITH.







## LETTER XI.

### FAITH.

**N**ow will I sing to God a song of praise,  
And thank the morning for the light it brings,  
Aye ! and the earth for every flower that springs,  
And every tree that, in the jocund days,  
Thrills to the blast. My voice I will upraise  
To thank the world for every bird that sings.

### II.

I will unpack my mind of all its fears.  
I will advance to where the matin fires  
Absorb the hills. My hopes and my desires  
Will lead me safe ; and day will have no tears  
And night no torture, as in former years,  
To warp my nature when my soul aspires.

## III

I will endure. I will not strive to peep  
 Behind the barriers of the days to come,  
 Nor, adding up the figures of a sum,  
 Dispose of prayers as men dispose of sleep.  
 I cannot count the stars, or wall the deep :  
 But I can pray, and Faith shall not be dumb.

## IV.

I take myself and thee as mine estate—  
 Thee and myself. The world is centred there.  
 If thou be well I know the skies are fair;  
 If not, they press me down with leaden weight,  
 And all is dark ; and morning comes too late ;  
 And all the birds are tuners in the air.

## V

I need but thee : thee only. Thou alone  
 Art all my joy : a something to the sight  
 As grand as Silence, and as snowy white  
 And do thou pardon if I make it known,  
 As oft I do, with mine Amati's tone,  
 Amid the stillness of the starry night.

## VI

Oh, give me pity of thy heart and mind,  
 Mine own sweet Lady, if I vex thee now.  
 If the repeating of my constant vow  
 Be undesired, have pity ! I were blind,  
 And deaf and dumb, and mad, were I inclined  
 To curb my feelings when to thee I bow.

## VII.

Forgive the challenge of my longing lips  
 If these offend thee ; and forgive me, too,  
 If I perceive, within thine eyes of blue,  
 More than I utter—more than, in eclipse,  
 A man may note between the urgent tips  
 Of frightened Dian whom the Fates pursue

## VIII.

It is the thing I dream of ; 'tis the thing  
 We know as rapture, when, with sudden thrill,  
 It snares the heart and subjugates the will,  
 I mean the pride, the power, by which we cling  
 To natures nobler than the ones we bring,  
 To keep entire the life we cannot chill.

## IX.

Coyest of nymphs, my Lady I whom I seek  
 As sailors seek salvation out at sea,  
 And poets fame, and soldiers victory,  
 Behold ! I note the blush upon thy cheek,  
 The flag of truce that tells me thou art meek  
 And soon wilt yield thy fortress up to me.

## X.

It is thy soul ; it is thy soul in arms  
 Which thus I conquer. All thy furtive sighs  
 And all the glances of thy wistful eyes,  
 Proclaim the swift surrender of thy charms.  
 I kiss thy hand ; and tremors and alarms  
 Discard, in parting, all their late disguise

## XII.

They were not foes. They knew me, one and all ;  
 'They knew I lov'd thee, and they lured me on  
 'To try my fortune, and to wait thereon  
 For just reward. The scaling of the wall  
 Was not the need ; there came the festival,  
 And now there comes the crown that I must don.

## XIII.

O my Belov'd ! I am king of thee,  
 And thou my queen ; and I will wear the crown  
 A little moment, for thy love's renown.  
 Yet, for a moment, it shall circle me,  
 And then be thine, so thou, upon thy knee,  
 Do seek the same, with all thy bresses down.

## XIV.

For woman till is mistress of the man,  
 'Though man be master. 'Tis the woman's right  
 'To choose her king, and crown him in her sight,  
 And make him feel the pressure of the span  
 Of her soft arms, as only woman can ;  
 For, with her weakness, she excels his might

## XV.

It is her joy indeed to be so frail  
 That he must shield her ; he of all the world  
 Whom most she loves ; and then, if he be hurl'd  
 To depths of sorrow, she will more avail  
 Than half a senate. Troubles may assail,  
 But she will guide him by her lips impearl'd.

## XV.

A woman clung to Cæsar, he was great,  
 And great the power he gain'd by sea and land  
 But when he wrong'd her, when he spurn'd the  
 hand  
 Which once he kuelt to, when he scoff'd at Fate,  
 Glory dispers'd, and left him desolate ;  
 For God remember'd all that first was plann'd.

## XVI.

The cannon's roar, the wisdom of the sage,  
 The strength of armies, and the thrall of kings,  
 All these are weak compared to weaker things.  
 Napoleon fell because, in puny rage,  
 He wrong'd his house ; and earth became a cage  
 For this poor eagle with his batter'd wings.

## XVII.

Believe me, Love ! I honour, night and day,  
 The name of Woman — 'Tis the nobler sex  
 Villains may shame it ; sorrows may perplex ;  
 But still 'tis watchful. Man may take away  
 All its possessions, all its worldly sway,  
 And yet be worshipp'd by the soul he wrecks.

## XVIII.

A word of love to Woman is as sweet  
 As nectar'd rapture in a golden bowl ;  
 And when she quaffs the heaven, asunder roll,  
 And God looks through. And, from his judgement-seat,  
 He blesses those who part, and those who meet,  
 And those who join the links of soul with soul.

## XL.

And are there none untrue? God knows there are!  
 Aye, there are those who learn in time the laugh  
 That ends in madness - women who for chaff  
 Have sold their corn - who seek no guiding-star,  
 And find no faith to light them from afar;  
 Of whom 'tis said: "They need no epitaph."

## XX.

All this is known; but to I for sake of One  
 Who lives in glory-- for my mother's sake,  
 For thine, and hers, O Love! - I pity take  
 On all poor women. Jesu's will be done!  
 Honour for all, and infamy for none,  
 This side the borders of the burning lake.



## 卷之三

### Letter XII.

## VICTORY.

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## LETTER XII.

### VICTORY.

— ◆ —

**N**ow have I reach'd the goal of my desire,  
For thou hast sworn—as sweetly as a bell  
Makes out its chime—the oath I love to tell,  
The fealty-oath of which I never tue,  
The lordly forest seems a quiet'lye,  
And sings, and rings, the thoughts that o'er it swell.

The air is fill'd with voices. I have found  
Comfort at last, enthrallment, and a joy  
Past all belief; a peace without alloy.  
There is a splendour all about the ground  
As if from Eden, when the world was drown'd,  
Something had come which death could not destroy.

## III.

It seems, indeed, as if to me were sent  
 A smile from Heaven—as if to-day the clois  
 Were lined with silk—the trees divining rods.  
 And roses gems for some high tournament.  
 I should not be so proud, or so content,  
 If I could sup, to-night, with all the gods.

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A shrined saint would change his place with me  
 If he but knew the worth of what I feel.  
 He is enobed indeed; and for his weal  
 Hath much concern; but how forlorn is he!  
 How pale his pomp! He cannot sue to thee,  
 But I am sainted every time I kneel.

I walk'd abroad, to-day, ere yet the dark  
 Had left the hills, and down the beaten road  
 I saunter'd forth a mile from mine abode.  
 I heard, afar, the watchdog's sudden bark,  
 And, near at hand, the tuning of a lark,  
 Safe in its nest, but weighted with an ode.

The moon was pacing up the sky serene,  
 Pallid and pure, as if she late had shown  
 Her outmost side, and fear'd to make it known;  
 And, like a nun, she gazed upon the scene  
 From bars of cloud that seemed to stand between,  
 And pray'd and smiled, and smiled and pray'd alone.

## VII.

The stars had fled. Not one remain'd to lend  
 To warn or comfort ; or to make amends  
 For hope delay'd,—for ecstasy that end  
 At dawn's approach. The firmament was blind  
 Of all its eyes ; and, wanton up the wind,  
 There came the shuddering that the twilight send.

## VIII.

The hills exulted at the Morning's birth, —  
 And clouds assembled, quick, as heralds run  
 Before a king to say the fight is won.  
 The rich, warm daylight fell upon the earth  
 Like wine pour'd in madness, or in mirth,  
 To celebrate the rising of the sun.

## IX.

And when the soaring lark had done his prayer,  
 The holy thing, self-poised amid the blue  
 Of that great sky, did seem, a space or two,  
 To pause and think, and then did clip the air  
 And dropped to earth to claim his guerdon there.  
 "Thank God !" I cried, " My dearest dream is true ! "

## X.

I was too happy, then, to leap and dance,  
 But I could ponder ; I could gaze and gaze  
 From earth to sky and back to woodland way.  
 The bird had thrill'd my heart, and cheer'd my glance,  
 For he had found to-day his nest-romance,  
 And lov'd a mate, and crown'd her with his praise.

## XI.

O Love ! my Love ! I would not for a throne,  
 I would not for the thrones of all the king,  
 Who yet have liv'd, or for a seraph's wing,  
 Or for the nod of Jove when night hath flown,  
 Consent to rule an empire all alone.  
 No ! I must have the grace of our two rings.

## XII.

I must possess thee from the crowning curl  
 Down to the feet, and from the beaming eye  
 Down to the bosom where my treasures lie.  
 From blush to blush, and from the rows of pearl  
 That light thy smile, I must possess thee, girl,  
 And be thy lord and master till I die.

## XIII.

Thou, and no less : the keeper of thy fane,  
 The proud controller of each silken tress,  
 And each dear item of thy loveliness,  
 And every oath, and every dainty name  
 Known to a bride, a picture in a frame  
 Of golden hair, to turn to and caress.

## XIV.

And though I know thee prone, in vacant hours,  
 To laugh and talk with those who circumvent  
 And make mad speeches ; though I know the bent  
 Of some such men, and though in ladies' bower  
 They brag of swords -- I know my proven powers ;  
 I know myself and thee, and am content.

## XV.

I know myself ; and why should I demur ?  
 The lily, bowing to the breeze's play,  
 Is not forgetful of the sun in May.  
 She is his nymph, and with aervisor  
 She doth but jest. The sun looks down at her,  
 And knows her true, and loves her day by day.

## XVI.

E'en so I thee, O Lady of my Heart !  
 O Lady white as lilies on the lea,  
 And fair as foam upon the ocean free  
 Whereon the sun hath sent a shining dart !  
 E'en so I love thee, blameless as thou art,  
 And with my soul's desire I compass thee.

## XVII.

For thou art Woman in the sweetest sense  
 Of true endowment, and a bride indeed  
 Fit for Apollo. This is Woman's need :  
 To be a beacon when the air is dense,  
 A bower of peace, a life-long recompence--  
 This is the sum of Woman's worldly creed.

## XVIII.

And what is Man the while ? And what his will ?  
 And what the furtherance of his earthly hope ?  
 To turn to Faith, to turn, as to a rope  
 A drowning sailor ; all his blood to spill  
 For One he loves, to keep her out of ill--  
 This is the will of Man, and this his scope.

## XXX.

"Tis like the tranquil sea, that knows anon  
It can be wild, and keep away from home  
A thousand ships— and lash itself to foam—  
And beat the shore, and all that lies thereon—  
And catch the thunder ere the flash has gone  
Forth from the cloud that spans it like a dome.

## XXX.

This is the will of Man, and this is mine.  
But lo ! I love thee more than wealth or fame,  
More than myself, and more than those who can<sup>w</sup>  
With Christ's commission from the goal divine.  
Soul of my soul, and mine as I am thine,  
I cling to thee, my Life I as fire to flame.



Missqellanyous  
Poems.





## ANTEROS.

### I.

THIS is the feast-day of my soul and me,  
For I am half a god and half a man.  
These are the hours in which are heard by sea,  
By land and wave, and in the realms of space,  
The lute-like sound, which sanctify my span,  
And give me power to sway the human race.

### II.

I am the king whom men call Lucifer,  
I am the genius of the nether spheres.  
Give me my Christian name, and I demur.  
Call me a Greek, and straigh'tway I rejoice.  
Yea, I am Anteros, and with my tears  
I salt the earth that gladdens at my voice.

### III.

I am old Anteros; a young, old god;  
A sage who smiles and limps upon a crutch  
But I can turn my crutch into a rod,  
And change my rod into a crown of wood.  
Yea, I am he who conquers with a touch,  
And plays with poisons till he makes them good.

## IV.

The sun, uprising with his golden hair,  
 Is mine apostle ; and he serves me well.  
 Thoughts and desires of mine, beyond compare,  
 Thrill at his touch. The moon, so lost in thought,  
 Has pined for love ; and wanderers out of hell,  
 And saints from heaven, have known what I have  
 taught.

## V.

Great are my griefs ; my joys are multiplex ;  
 And beasts and birds and men my subjects are ;  
 Yea, all created things that have a sex,  
 And flies and flowers and monsters of the mere ;  
 All these, and more, proclaim me from afar,  
 And sing my marriage songs from year to year.

## VI.

There are no brablings but the ones I make ;  
 For men are quicken'd when they turn to me.  
 The soul obeys me for its body's sake,  
 And each is form'd for each, as day for night.  
 'Tis but the soul can pay the body's fee  
 To win the wisdom of a fool's delight.

## VII.

Yea, this is so. My clerks have set it down,  
 And birds have blabbed it to the winds of heaven.  
 The flowers have guessed it, and, in bower and town,  
 Lovers have sung the songs that I have made.  
 Give me your lives, O mortals, and, for leaven,  
 Ye shall receive the fires that cannot fade.

## VIII.

○ men ! O maidens ! O ye listless ones !  
 Ye who desert my temples in the East,  
 Ye who reject the rays of summer suns,  
 And cling to shadows in the wilderness,  
 Why are ye sad ? Why frown ye at the feast,  
 Ye who have eyes to see and lips to press ?

## IX.

Why, for a wisdom that ye will not prove,  
 A joy that crushes and a love that stings,  
 A freak, a frenzy in a fated groove,  
 A thing of nothing born of less than nought —  
 Why in your hearts do ye desire these things,  
 Ye who abhor the joys that ye have sought ?

## X.

See, see ! I weep, but I can jest at times ;  
 Yea, I can dance and toss my tears away.  
 The sighs I breathe are fragrant as the rhymes  
 Of men and maids whose hearts are overthrown.  
 I am the god for whom all maidens pray,  
 But none shall have me for herself alone.

## XI.

No ; I have love enough, here where I stand,  
 To marry fifty maids in their degree ;  
 Aye, fifty times five thousand in a band,  
 And every bride the proxy of a score.  
 Want ye a mate for millions ? I can he,  
 Glory is mine, and glee-time evermore.

## XII.

O men ! O masters ! O ye kings of grief !  
 Ye who control the world but not the grave,  
 What have ye done to make delight so brief,  
 Ye who have spurn'd the minstrel and the lyre ?  
 I will not say : " Be patient." Ye are brave.  
 And ye shall guess the pangs of my desire.

## XIII.

There shall be traitors in the court of love,  
 And tears and tortures and the bliss of pain.  
 The maids of men shall seek the gods above,  
 And drink the nectar of the golden lake.  
 Blessed are they for whom the gods are fain ;  
 They shall be glad for love's and pity's sake.

## XIV.

They shall be taught the songs the cyrens know,  
 The wave's lament, the west wind's psalmistry,  
 The secrets of the south and of the snow,  
 The wherewithal of day, and death, and night.  
 O men ! O maidens ! pray no prayer for me,  
 But sing to me the songs of my delight.

## XV.

Aye, sing to me the songs I love to hear,  
 And let the sound thereof ascend to heaven.  
 And let the singers, with a voice of cheer,  
 Announce my name to all the ends of earth ;  
 And let my servants, seventy times and seven,  
 Re-shout the raptures of my Samian mirth !

XVI.

Let joy prevail, and Frenzy, like a flame,  
Seize all the souls of men for sake of me.  
For I will have Contention put to shame,  
And all the hearts of all things comforted.  
There are no laws but mine on land and sea,  
And men shall crown me when their kings are dead



THE WAKING OF THE LARK.

I.

O BONNIE bird, that in the bale, exultant, dost prepare  
thee—  
As poets do whose thoughts are true, for wings that will  
upbear thee—

Oh ! tell me, tell me, bonnie bird  
Canst thou not pipe of hope deferred ?

Or canst thou sing of naught but Spring among the golden  
meadows ?

II.

Methinks a bard (and thou art one) should suit his song  
to sorrow,  
And tell of pain, as well as gain, that waits us on the  
morrow ;

But thou art not a prophet, thou,  
If naught but joy can touch thee now ;  
If, in thy heart, thou hast no vow that speaks of Nature's  
anguish.

III.

Oh ! I have held my sorrows dear, and felt, tho' poor  
and slighted,

The songs we love are those we hear when love is unre-  
quited.

But thou art still the slave of dawn,  
 And canst not sing till night be gone,  
 Till o'er the pathway of the fawn the sunbeams shine and  
 quiver.

## IV.

Thou art the minion of the sun that rises in his splendour,  
 And canst not spare for *Dian* fur the songs that should  
 attend her.

The moon, so sad and silver-pale,  
 Is mistress of the nightingale ;  
 And thou wilt sing on hill and dale no ditties in the  
 darkness.

## V.

For Queen and King thou wilt not spare one note of thine  
 outpouring ;  
 Thou art as free as breezes be on Nature's velvet  
 flooring.

The daisy, with its hood undone,  
 The grass, the sunlight, and the sun—  
 These are the joys, thou holy one, that pay thee for thy  
 singing.

## VI.

Oh, hush ! Oh, hush ! how wild a gush of rapture in the  
 distance,—  
 A roll of rhymes, a toll of chimes, a cry for love's assist-  
 ance ;  
 A sound that wells from happy throats,  
 A flood of song where beauty floats,  
 And where our thoughts, like golden boats, do seem to  
 cross a river.

## VII.

This is the advent of the lark—the priest in gray apparel—  
Who doth prepare to tell in air his sunless Summer  
carol;

This is the prelude to the lay  
The birds did sing in Caesar's day,  
And will again, for aye and aye, in praise of God's  
creation.

## VIII.

O dainty thing, on wonder's wing, by life and love  
elated,  
Oh! sing aloud from cloud to cloud, till day be conse-  
crated;  
Till from the gateways of the morn,  
The sun, with all his light unshorn,  
His robes of darkness round him torn, doth scud the lofty  
heavens!

*A BALLAD OF KISSES.*

## I.

THERE are three kisses that I call to mind,  
And I will sing their secrets as I go,  
The first, a kiss too courteous to be kind,  
Was such a kiss as monks and maidens know  
As sharp as frost, as blameless as the snow.

## II.

The second kiss, ah God ! I feel it yet,  
 And evermore my soul will loathe the same.  
 The toys and joys of fate I may forget,  
 But not the touch of that divided shame :  
 It clove my lips ; it burnt me like a flame.

## III.

The third, the final kiss, is one I use  
 Morning and noon and night ; and not amiss.  
 Sorrow be mine if such I do refuse !  
 And when I die, be love, enrapt in bliss,  
 Be sanctified in Heaven by such a kiss.



## MARY ARDEN.

## I.

O THOU to whom, athwart the perish'd day,  
 And parted nights, long sped, we lift our gaze,  
 Behold ! I greet thee with a modern thyme,  
 Love-lit and reverent as befits the time,  
 To solemnize the feast-day of thy son.

## II.

And who was he who flourish'd in the smiles  
 Of thy fair face ? 'Twas Shakespeare of the Isles,  
 Shakespeare of England, whom the world has known  
 As thine, and ours, and Glory's, in the zone  
 Of all the seas and all the lands of earth.

III.

He was un-famous when he came to thee,  
But sound, and sweet, and good for eyes to see,  
And born at Stratford, on St. George's Day,  
A week before the wondrous month of May ;  
And God therem was gracious to us all.

IV.

He lov'd thee, Lady ! and he lov'd the world ;  
And, like a flag, his fealty was unfurl'd ;  
And Kings who flourished ere thy son was born  
Shall live through him, from morn to furthest morn,  
In all the far-off cycles yet to come.

V.

He gave us Falstaff, and a hundred quips,  
A hundred mottoes from immortal lips ;  
And, year by year, we smile to keep away  
The generous tears that mind us of the sway  
Of his great singing, and the pomp thereof.

VI.

His was the nectar of the gods of Greece,  
The lute of Orpheus, and the Golden Fleece  
Of grand endeavour ; and the thunder-roll  
Of words majestic, which, from pole to pole,  
Have borne the tidings of our English tongue.

## VII.

He gave us Hamlet ; and he taught us more  
 Than schools have taught us ; and his fairy lore  
 Was fraught with science ; and he called from death  
 Verona's Lovers, with the burning breath  
 Of their great passion that has filled the spheres.

## VIII.

He made us know Cordelia, and the man  
 Who murder'd sleep, and baleful Caliban ;  
 And, one by one, athwart the gloom appear'd  
 Maidens and men and myths who were revered  
 In olden days, before the earth was sad.

## IX.

Aye ! this is true — It was ordained so ;  
 It was thine own, three hundred years ago ;  
 But ours to-day ; and ours till earth be red  
 With doom-day splendour for the quick and dead,  
 And days and nights are scattered like the leaves.

## X.

It was for this he lived, for this he died :  
 To raise to Heaven the face that never lied,  
 To lean to earth the lips that should become  
 Fraught with conviction when the mouth was dumb,  
 And all the firm, fine body turn'd to clay.

## XI.

He lived to seal, and sanctify the lives  
Of perish'd maids, and uncreated wives,  
And gave them each a space wherein to dwell ;  
And for his mother's sake he loved them well,  
And made them types, undying, of all truth.

## XII.

O fair and fond young mother of the boy  
Who wrought all this—O Mary ! — in thy joy  
Did'st thou perceive, when, fitful from his rest,  
He turn'd to thee, that his would be the best  
Of all men's chanting since the world began ?

## XIII.

Did'st thou, O Mary ! with the eye of true  
Perceive, prophetic, through the dark and dust  
Of things terrene, the glory of thy son,  
And all the pride therein that should be won  
By toilsome men, content to be his slaves ?

## XIV.

Did'st thou, good mother ! in the tender ways  
That women find to fill the fleeting days,  
Behold afar the Giant who should rise  
With foot on earth, and forehead in the skies,  
To write his name, and thine, among the stars ?

## XV.

I love to think it ; and, in dreams at night  
 I see thee stand, erect, and all in white,  
 With hands out yearning to that mighty form,  
 As if to draw him back from out the storm,—  
 A child again, and time to nurse withal.

## XVI.

I see thee, pale and pure, with flowing hair,  
 And big, bright eyes far-searching in the air  
 For thy sweet babe, and, in a trice of time,  
 I see the child advance to thee, and climb,  
 And call thee “Mother !” in ecstatic tones.

## XVII.

Yet, if my thought be vain—if, by a touch  
 Of this weak hand, I vex thee overmuch—  
 Forbear the blame, sweet Spirit ! and endow  
 My heart with fervour while to thee I bow  
 Athwart the threshold of my fading dream.

## XVIII.

For, though so seeming-bold in this my song,  
 I turn to thee with reverence, in the throng  
 Of words and thoughts, as shepherds seen’d, afar,  
 The famed effulgence of that eastern star  
 Which usher’d in the Crown’d One of the heavens

## XIX.

In dreams of rapture I have seen thee pass  
 Along the banks of Avon, by the grass,  
 As fair as that fair Juliet whom thy son  
 Endow'd with life, but with the look of one  
 Who knows the nearest way to some new grave.

## XX.

And often, too, I've seen thee in the flush  
 Of thy full beauty, while the mother's "Hush  
 Hung on thy lip, and all thy tangled hair  
 Re-clothed a bosom that in part was bare  
 Because a tiny hand had toy'd therewith!

## XXI.

Oh ! by the June-tide splendour of thy face  
 When, eight weeks old, the child in the embu  
 Did leap and laugh, O Mary ! by the sun,  
 I bow to thee, subservient to thy grace,  
 And call thee England's Pride for evermore !

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## SACHAL.

## A WAIF OF BATTLE

## I.

Lo ! at my feet,  
 A something pale of hue ;  
 A something sad to view ;  
 "Dead or alive I dare not call it sweet

## II.

Not white as snow ;  
 Not transient as a tear !  
 A warrior left it here,  
 It was his passport ere he met the foe.

## III.

Here is a name,  
 A word upon the book ;  
 If ye but kneel to look,  
 Ye'll find the letters "Sachal" on the same.

## IV.

His Land to cherish,  
 He died at twenty-seven.  
 There are no wars in Heaven,  
 But when he fought he gain'd the right to perish.

## V.

Where was he born ?  
 In France, at Puy le Dôme.  
 A wanderer from his home,  
 He found a Fatherland beyond the morn.

## VI.

"Twas France's plan ;  
 The cause he did not ask.  
 His life was but a mack,  
 And he appraised it, martyr'd at Sedan ;

## VII.

And prone in death,  
Beyond the name of France,  
Beyond his hero-glance, —  
He thought, belike, of her who gave him breath.

## VIII.

O thou dead son !  
O Sachal ! far away,  
But not forgot to-day,  
I had a mother too, but now have none.

## IX.

Our hopes are brave,  
Our faiths are braver still,  
The soul shall no man kill ;  
For God will find us, each one in his grave.

## X.

A land more vast  
Than Europe's kingdoms are, —  
A brighter, nobler sun  
Than victory's fearful light, — is thine at last

## XI.

And should'st thou meet  
Yon Germans up on high, —  
Thy foes when death was nigh, —  
Nor thou nor they will sound the soul's retreat.

## xii.

For all are just,  
Yes, all are patriots there.  
And thou, O Fils de Pierre !  
Hast found thy marshal's baton in the dust.

## xiii.

Oh, farewell, friend ;  
My friend, albeit unknown,  
Save in thy death alone,  
Oh, fare thee well till sin and sorrow end.

## xiv.

In realms of joy  
We'll meet ; aye, every one : \*  
Mother and sire and son,  
And my poor mother, too, will claim her boy.

## xv.

Death leads to God,  
Death is the Sword of Fate,  
Death is the Golden Gate,  
That opens up to glory, through the sod.

## xvi.

And thou that roid,  
O Sachal ! thou hast found ;  
A king is not so crown'd  
As thou art, soldier ! in thy blest abode.

XVII.

Deathless in death,  
Exalted, not destroy'd,  
Thou art in Heaven employ'd  
To swell the songs of angels with thy breath



THE LADY OF THE MAY.

I.

O stars that fade in amber skies  
Because ye dread the light of day,  
O moon so lonely and so wise,  
Look down, and love my Love alway;  
Salute the Lady of the May.

II.

O lark that soarest in the light  
To hail thy lord in his array,  
Look down; be just; and sing aight  
A lover claims thy song to-day  
To greet his Lady of the May

III.

“O lady! lady!” sings the lark,  
“Thy lover'shest I do obey;  
For thou art splendid after dark,  
And where thou sinolest, there is day;  
And thou'rt the Lady of the May.

## IV.

“ The nightingale’s a friend of mine,  
 And yesternight she flew my way,  
 ‘ Awake,’ she cried, ‘ at morning shine,  
 And sing for me thy blitheest lay  
 To greet the Lady of the May.’

## V.

“ ‘ And tell her, tell her, gentle one,  
 While thou attun’st thy morning lay,  
 That I will sing at set of sun  
 Another song for thy sweet say,  
 Because she’s Lady of the May.’

## VI.

“ ‘ And, lo I come,’ the lark in air,  
 Self-pos’d and free, did seem to say,  
 ‘ I come to greet thy lady’s hair  
 And call its beam, the light of day,  
 Which decks thy Lady of the May.’

## VII.

Oh, thank thee, bird that singest well!  
 For all thou say’st and still would’st say  
 And for the thoughts which Philomel  
 Intends to trill, in roundelay,  
 To greet my Lady of the May.

VIII.

We two (my Love and I) are one,  
And so shall be, for eye and eye.  
Go, take my homage to the sun,  
And bid him shine his best to-day,  
To crown my Lady of the May!

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*AN ODE TO ENGLISHMEN*

I

I WHO have sung of love and lady bright  
And mirth and music and the world's delight,  
Behold ! to-day, I sound a sterner note  
To move the minds of foemen when they fight

II.

Have I not said : There is no sweeter thing,  
And none diviner than the wedding-ring?  
And, all intent to make my meaning plain,  
Have I not kiss'd the lips of Love, the King?

III.

Yea, this is so. But lo ! to day there comes  
The far-off sound of trumpets and of drums ;  
And I must parley with the men of toil  
Who rise in ranks exultant from the slums.

## IV.

I must arraign each man : yea, all the host ;  
 And each true soul shall learn the least and most  
 Of all his wrongs, -- of wrongs indeed they be ;  
 And he shall face the flag that guards the coast.

## V.

He shall salute it ! He shall find therein  
 Silver for his wounds and solace for his sin.  
 Brother and guide is he who loves his Land ;  
 But he is kinless who denies his kin.

## VI.

It is he a heart to feel, a knee to bend,  
 And will not trust his country to the end ?  
 If this be so, God help him to a tear !  
 He shall be foiled, as foeman and as friend.

## VII.

Bears he a sword ? I care not -- He is base ;  
 Unto to wield it, and of meaner place  
 Than tongue can tell of, in the Senate House ;  
 And he shall find no balm for his disgrace.

## VIII.

O men ! I charge ye, in the name of Him  
 Who rules the world, and guards the cherubim,  
 I charge ye, pause, ere from the lighted track  
 Ye turn, distraught, to pathways that are dim.

## IX.

Who gave your fathers, and your fathers' sons  
 The rights ye claim, amid the roar of guns,  
 And 'mid the flask thereof from sea to sea?  
 Your country I through her lov'd, her chosen one.

Oh, ye are dastards, if ye let a hind,  
 Dastards and fools, if, loveless in a land,  
 Ye touch in wrath the bulwark of the realm,  
 Ye shall be baulk'd, and Chivalry shall stand.

## X.

I have a sword, I also, and I swear  
 By my heart's faith, and by my Lady's hair,  
 That I will strike the first of ye that moves,  
 If by a sign ye wrong the flag ye bear.

## XI.

In Freedom's name, in her's to whom we bow,  
 In her great name, I charge ye, palter now  
 With no traducer of your country's cause.  
 Accurst of God is he who breaks his vow!



## ZULALIE.

## I.

I AM the sprite  
 That reigns at night,  
 My body is fair for man's delight,  
 I leap and laugh  
 As the wine I quaff,  
 And I am the queen of Astrofelle.

## II.

I curse and swear  
 In my demon-lair ;  
 I shake wild sunbeams out of my hair.  
 I madden the old,  
 I gladden the bold,  
 And I am the queen of Astrofelle.

Of churchyard stone  
 I have made my throne ;  
 My locks are looped with a dead man's bone.  
 Mine eyes are red  
 With the tears I shed,  
 And I am the queen of Astrofelle.

## IV.

In cities and camps  
 I have lighted my lamps,  
 My kisses are caught by kings and tramps.  
 With rant and revel  
 My hair I dishevel,  
 And I am the queen of Astrofelle.

My kisses are stains,  
 Mine arms are chains,  
 My forehead is fair and false like Cain's.  
 My gain is loss,  
 Mine honour is dross,—  
 And I am the queen of Astrofelle !

BEETHOVEN AT THE PIANO.

I.

See where Beethoven sits alone — a dream of day  
elysian,  
A crownless king upon a throne, reflected in a vision —  
The man who strikes the potent chords which make the  
world, in wonder,  
Acknowledge him, though poor and dim, the mouth  
piece of the thunder.

II.

He feels the music of the skies the while his heart is  
breaking;  
He sings the song, of Paradise, where love has no  
forsaking;  
And, though so deaf he cannot hear the tempest as a  
token,  
He makes the music of his mind the grandest ever  
spoken.

III.

He doth not hear the whispered word of love in his  
seclusion,  
Or voice of friend, or song of bird, in Nature's sad  
confusion;  
But he hath made, for Love's sweet sake, so wild a  
declamation  
That all true lovers of the earth have claim'd him of  
their nation.

## IV.

He had a Juliet in his youth, as Romeo had before him,  
 And, Romeo-like, he sought to die that she might then  
     adore him :  
 But she was weak, as women are whose faith has not been  
     proven,  
 And would not change her name for his—Guiciardi for  
     Beethoven.

## V.

O minstrel, whom a maiden spurned, but whom a world  
     has treasured !  
 O sovereign of a grander realm than man has ever  
     measured !  
 Thou hast not lost the lips of love, but thou hast gain'd,  
     in glory,  
 The love of all who know the thrall of thine immortal  
     story.

## VI.

Thou art the bard whom none discard, but whom all men  
     discover  
 To be a god, as Orpheus was, albeit a lonely lover :  
 A king to call the stones to life beside the roaring  
     ocean,  
 And bid the stars discourse to trees in words of man's  
     emotion.

## VII.

A king of joys, a prince of tears, an emperor of the  
     seasons,  
 Whose songs are like the sway of years in Love's  
     immortal reasons ;

A bard who knows no life but this : to love and be rejected,  
And reproduce in earthly strains the prayers of the elected.

VIII.

O poet heart ! O seraph soul ! by men and angels adored !  
O Titan with the lion's mane, and with the splendid forehead !  
We men who bow to thee in grief must tremble in our gladness,  
To know what tears were turned to pearls to crown thee in thy sadness.

IX.

An Angel by direct descent, a German by alliance,  
Thou didst intone the wonder-chords which made Despair a science.  
Yea, thou didst strike so grand a note that, in its large vibration,  
It seemed the roaring of the sea in nature's jubilation.

X.

O Sire of Song ! Sonata-King ! Sublime and loving master ;  
The sweetest soul that ever struck an octave in disaster ;  
In thee were found the fires of thought — the splendours of endeavour,—  
And thou shalt sway the minds of men for ever and for ever !

## A RHYAPSODY OF DEATH.

## I.

THAT phantom fair, with radiant hair,  
 May seek at midnight hour  
 The sons of men, belov'd again,  
 And give them holy power,  
 That souls, survive the mortal biv, and sinless come  
 and go,  
 Is true as death, the prophet saith; and God will have  
 it so.

## II.

For who be ye who doubt and pine?  
 O sages I make it clear  
 If ye be more than men of fate,  
 Or less than men of cheer;  
 If ye be less than bird or beast? O brothers I make it  
 plain  
 If ye be bankrupts at a feast, or shareis in a gain.

## III.

You say there is no future state;  
 The clue ye fail to find.  
 The flesh is here, and bones appear  
 When graves are undimined.  
 But of the soul, in time of dole, what answer can ye  
 frame—  
 Ye who have heard no spirit-word to guide ye to the  
 same?

## IV.

Ah ! facts are good, and reason's good,  
But fancy's stronger far ;  
In weal or woe we only know  
We know not what we are.

The sunset seems a raging fire, the clouds roll back,  
afraid ;  
The rainbow seems a broken lyre on which the storm  
has play'd.

## V.

But these, ye urge, are outward signs.  
Such signs are not for you.  
The sight's deceiv'd and truth bereav'd  
By diamonds of the dew.  
The sage's mind is more refined, his rapture more  
complete,  
He almost knows the little rose that blossoms at his  
feet !

## VI.

The sage can kill a thousand things,  
And tell the names of all ;  
And wrench away the wearied wings  
Of eagles when they fall ;  
And calmly trace the lily's grace, or fell the strongest  
tree,  
And almost feel, if not reveal, the secrets of the sea.

## VII.

But can he set, by day or night,  
The clock-work of the skies ?  
Or bring the dead man back to sight  
With soul-invested eyes ?

Can he describe the ways of life, the wondrous ways of death,  
And whence it came, and what the flame that feeds the vital breath?

## VIII.

If he could do such deeds as these,  
He might, though poor and low,  
Explain the cause of Nature's laws,  
Which none half ever know ;  
He might recall the vanish'd years by lifting of his hand,  
And bid the wind go north or south to prove what he has plann'd.

## IX.

But God is just. His burden's not  
The shoulders of the sage ;  
He pities him whose sight is dim ;  
He turns no second page.  
There are two pages to the book. We men have read  
the one ;  
The other needs a spirit-look, in lands beyond the sun.

## X.

The other needs a poet's eye,  
Like that of Milton blind ;  
The light of Faith which cannot die,  
Though doubts perplex the mind ;  
The eyesight of a little child ; a martyr's eye in dole,  
Which sees afar the golden star that shines upon the soul !

A PRAYER FOR LIGHT.

I.

On, give me light, to-day, or let me die,—  
The light of love, the love-light of the sky,—  
That I, at length, may see my darling's face,  
One minute's space

II.

Have I not wept to know myself so weak  
That I can feel, not see, the dimpled cheek,  
The lips, the eyes, the ravenous thief that enfold  
Her locks of gold?

III.

Have I not sworn that I will not be wed,  
But mate my soul with hers on my death-bed?  
The soul can see,—for souls are rapiers,—  
When eyes are dim.

IV.

Oh, hush! she comes—I know her. She is nigh  
She brings me death, true heart, and I will die  
She brings me love, for love and life are one  
Beyond the sun.

V.

This is the measure, this, of all my joys:  
Life is a curse and Death's a counterpoise.  
Give me thy hand, O sweet one, let me know  
Which path I go.

## VI.

I cannot die if thou be not a-near,  
 To lead me on to Life's appointed sphere.  
 O spirit-face, O angel, with thy breath  
 Kiss me to death !



## MIRAGE.

## I.

'Tis a legend of a lover,  
 'Tis a ballad to be sung,  
 In the gloaming,—under cover,—  
 By a minstrel who is young ;  
 By a singer who has passion, and who sways us with his  
 tongue.

## II

I, who know it, think upon it,  
 Not unhappy, tho' in tears,  
 And I gather in a sonnet  
 All the glory of the years ;  
 And I kiss and clasp a shadow when the substance  
 disappears.

## III.

Ah ! I see her as she faced me,  
 In the siuless summer days,  
 When her little hands embraced me,  
 And I quivered at her gaze,  
 Thinking, Sweet One I will she love me when we walk in  
 other ways ?

## IV.

Will she cling to me as kindly  
When the childish faith is lost ?  
Will she pray for me as blindly,  
Or but weigh the wish and cost,  
Looking back o'er our lost Eden from the girlhood she has  
cross'd?

## V

Oh ! I swear by all I honour,  
By the graves that I endow,  
By the grace I set upon her,  
That I ne'er int the early vow,—  
Meant it much as men and women meant the same thing  
spoken now.

## VI.

But her maiden troth is broken,  
And her mind is ill at ease,  
And she sends me back no token  
From her home beyond the seas :  
And I know, though nought is spoken, that she thanks me  
on her knees.

## VII.

Yes, for pardon freely granted ;  
For she wrong'd me, understand,  
And my life is disenchanted,  
As I wander through the land  
With the sorrows of dark morrows that await me in  
a band.

## VIII.

Hers was sweetest of sweet faces,  
 Hers the tenderest eyes of all I  
 In her hair she hid the traces  
 Of a heavenly coronal,  
 Bringing sunshine to sad places where the sunlight could  
 not fall.

## IX.

She was fairer than a vision ;  
 Like a vision, too, has flown,  
 I who the hid at her decision,  
 Lo ! I languish here alone ;  
 And I tremble when I tell you that my anger was mine  
 own.

## X.

Not for her, sweet sainted creature !  
 Could I curse her to her face ?  
 Could I look on form and feature,  
 And deny the inner grace ?  
 Like a little wax Madonna she was holy in the place.

## XI.

And I told her, in mad fashion,  
 That I loved her, — would incline  
 All my life to this one passion,  
 And would kneel as at a shrine ;  
 And would love her late and early, and would teach her  
 to be mine.

## XII.

Now in dreams alone I meet her  
With my lowly human praise.  
She is sweeter and completer,  
And she smiles on me always ;  
But I dare not rise and greet her as I did in early day.

*A MOTHER'S NAME.*

## I.

I **LOVE** the sound ! The sweetest under Heaven,  
That name of mother,--and the proudest, too  
As babes we breathe it, and with seven times seven  
Of youthful prayers, and blessings that accrue,  
We still repeat the word, with tender steven.  
Dearest of friends ! dear mother ! what we do  
This side the grave, in purity of aim,  
Is glorified at last by thy good name.

## II.

But how forlorn the word, how full of woe,  
When she who bears it lies beneath the clod.  
In vain the orphan child would call her so,--  
She comes not back : her place is up with God.  
The wintry winds are wailing o'er the snow ;  
The flowers are dead that once did grace the sod.  
Ah, lose not heart ! Some flowers may fade in gloom,  
But Hope's a plant grows brightest on the tomb !

## A SONG OF SERVITUDE.

## I.

THIS is a song of servs that I have made,  
A song of sympathy for grief and joy :—  
The old, the young, the lov'd and the betrayed,  
All, all must serve, for all must be obeyed.

## II.

There are no tyrants but the serving ones,  
There are no servants but the ruling men.  
The Captain conquers with his army's might,  
But he himself is conquered by his

## III.

What is a parent but a daughter's slave,  
A son's retainer when the lad is ill?  
The great Creator loves the good and brave,  
And makes a flower the spokesman of a grave.

## IV.

The son is servant in his father's halls,  
The daughter is her mother's maid :— f.w. ck.  
The welkin wonders when the ocean calls,  
And earth accepts the raindrop when it falls.

## V.

There are no "ups" in life, there are no "downs,"  
For "high" and "low" are words of like degree;  
He who is light of heart when Fortune frowns,  
He is a king though nameless in the towns.

## VI.

None is so lofty as the sage who always,  
None so unhigh as he who will not kneel  
The breeze is servant to the sunnier day,  
And he is bowed-to most who most obeys.

## VII.

These are the maxims that I take to heart,  
Do thou accept them, reader, for thine own;  
Love well thy work; be truthful in the mart,  
And foes will praise thee when thy friends depart.

## VIII.

None shall upbraid thee then for thine estate,  
Or show thee meaner than thou art in truth.  
Make friends with death; and God who is so great,  
He will assist thee to a nobler fate.

## IX.

None are unfit to serve us on their knees,  
The hints of prayer, unseen but quick to hear  
The flowers are servants to the pilgrim bees,  
The wintry winds are tyrants of the trees.

All things are good ; all things incur a debt,  
 And all must pay the same, or soon or late  
 The sun will rise betimes, but he must set ;  
 And Man must seek the laws he would forget.

## XII.

There are no mockeries in the universe,  
 No false accounts, no errors that will thrive  
 The work we do, the good things we rehearse,  
 Are boons of Nature but e'er named a curse.

## XIII.

" Give us our daily bread ! " the children pray,  
 And mothers plead for them while but they speak,  
 But " Give us work, O God ! " we men should say,  
 That we may gain our bread from day to day.

## XIV.

'Tis not alone the crown that makes the king ;  
 'Tis service done, 'tis duty to his kind.  
 The lark that soars so high is quick to sing,  
 And proud to yield allegiance to the spring.

## XV.

And we who serve ourselves, whate'er befall  
 Athwart the dangers of the day's behests,  
 Oh, let's not shirk, at joy or sorrow's call,  
 The service due to God who serves us all !

## SYLVIA IN THE WEST.

## I.

WHAT shall be done ? I cannot pray ;  
 And none shall know the pang I feel.  
 If prayers could alter night to day, -  
 Or black to white, I might appeal,  
 I might attempt to sway thy heart,  
 And prove it mine, or claim a part.

## II.

I might attempt to urge on thee  
 At least the chance of some redress : -  
 An hour's revol, - a moment's plea, -  
 A smile to make my sorrows less.  
 I might indeed be taught in time  
 To blush for hope, as for a crime !

## III.

But thou art stone, though soft and fleet, -  
 A statue, not a mankin, thou !  
 A man may hear thy bosom beat  
 When thou hast sworn some idle vow.  
 But not for love, no ! not for this ;  
 For thou wilt sell thy bridal kiss.

## IV.

I mean, thy friends will sell thy love,  
 As loves are sold in England, here.  
 A man will buy my golden dove, -  
 I doubt he'll find his bargain dear !  
 He'll lose the wine ; he'll buy the bowl,  
 The life, the limbs, but not the soul.

## V.

So, take thy mate and all his wealth,  
 And all the joys that wait on fame.  
 Thou 'lt weep,—poor martyr'd one!—by stealth,  
 And think of me, and shriek my name;  
 Yes, in his arms! And wake, too late,  
 To coax and kiss the man you hate.

## VI.

By slow degrees, from year to year,  
 From week to week, from night to night,  
 He will be taught how dark and drear  
 Is barter'd love,—how sad to sight  
 A perjured face! He will be driven  
 To compass Hell,—and dream of Heaven.

## VII.

But stand at God's high altar there,  
 With saints around thee tall and sweet,  
 I'll match thy pride with my despair,  
 And drag thee down from glory's seat.  
 Yea, thou shalt kneel! Thy head shall bow  
 As mine is bent in anguish now.

## VIII.

What! for thy sake have I forsworn  
 My just ambition,—all my joy,  
 And all my hope from morn to morn,  
 That seem'd a prize without alloy?  
 Have I done this? I have; and see!  
 I weep wild tears for thine and thee.

## IX.

But I can school my soul to strength,  
And weep and wail as children do ;  
Be hard as stone, yet melt at length,  
And curb my pride as thou canst, too !  
But I have faith, and thou hast none ;  
And I have joy, but thine is done.

## X.

No marriage-bells ? No songs, you say ?  
No flowers to grace our bridal morn ?  
No wine ? No kiss ? No wedding-day ?  
I care not ! Oaths are all forsworn ;  
And, when I clasp'd thy hand so white,  
I meant to curse thee, girl, to-night.

## XI.

And so I shall,—Oh ! doubt not that  
At stroke of twelve I'll curse thee twice.  
When screams the owl, when swoops the bat,  
When ghosts are out I'll curse thee thrice.  
And thou shalt hear !—Aye, by my troth,  
One song will suit the souls of both.

## XII.

I curse thy face ; I curse thy hair ;  
I curse thy lips that smile so well,  
Thy life, thy love, and my despair,  
My loveless couch, thy wedding-bell ;  
My soul and thine !—Ah, see ! though black,  
I take one half my curses back.

## XIII.

For thou and I were form'd for hate,  
 For love, for scorn ; no matter what.  
 I am thy Fere and thou my Fate,  
 And fire and flood shall harm us not  
 Thou shalt be kill'd and hid from ken,  
 And fiends will sing thy requiem then.

## XIV.

Yet think not Death will serve thy stead ;  
 I'll find thy grave, though wall'd in stone.  
 I'll move thy mound to make my bed,  
 And lie with thee long hours alone :—  
 Long, lifeless hours ! Ah God, how free,  
 How pale, how cold, thy lips will be !

## XV.

But graves are cells of truth and love,  
 And men may talk no treason there.  
 A corpse will wear no wedding-glove,  
 A ghost will make no sign in air.  
 But ghosts can pray ? Well, let them kneel ;  
 They, too, must loathe the love they feel.

## XVI.

Ah me ! to sleep and yet to wake,  
 To live so long, and yet to die ;  
 To sing sad songs for Sylvia's sake,  
 And yet no peace to gain thereby !  
 What have I done ? What left unsaid ?  
 Nay, I will count my tears instead.

## XVII.

Here is a word of wild design.

Here is a threat ; 'twas meant to warn.  
Here is a fierce and freezing line.

As hot as hate, as cold as scorn  
Ah, friend ! forgive ; forbear my thymes,  
But pray for me, sweet soul I sometimes.

Had I a curse to spare to day,  
(Which I have not) I'd use it now  
I'd curse my hair to turn it gray,  
I'd teach my back to bend and bow,  
I'd make myself so old and thin  
That I should seem too sad to sin.

And then we'd meet, you two, at night,  
And I should know what saints have known.  
Thou wouldest not tremble, dear, for fright,  
Or shriek to meet me there alone.  
I should not then be spurned for this,  
Or want a smile, or need a kiss.

I should not then be fierce as fire,  
Or mad as sin, or sharp as knife :  
My heart would throb with no desire,  
For care would cool the flush of life  
And I should love thee, spotless one,  
As pilgrims love some holy nun.

## XXI.

Ah, queen-like creature ! smile on me ;  
 Be kind, be good ; I lov'd thee much.  
 I thank thee, see I on bended knee.  
 I seek salvation in thy touch.  
 And when I sleep I watch thee come,  
 And both are wild, and one is dumb.

## XXII.

I draw thee, ghost-like, to my heart ;  
 I kiss thy lips and call thee mine,  
 Of thy sweet soul I form a part,  
 And my poor soul is part of thine.  
 Ah, kill me, kiss me, curse me, Thou !  
 But let me be thy servant now.

## XXIII.

What I did ! curse thy golden hair ?  
 Well, then, the sun will set at noon ;  
 The face that keeps the world so fair  
 Is thine, not his ; he darkens soon.  
 Thy smile awakes the bird of dawn,  
 And day departs when thou art gone.

## XXIV.

Oh ! had I groves in some sweet star  
 That shines in Heaven the whole night through,  
 A steed with wings,—a golden car,—  
 A something wild and strange and true :—  
 A fairy's wand,—an angel's crown,—  
 I'd merge them all in thy renown.

## XXV.

I'd give thee queens to wait on thee,  
And kings to kneel to thee in prayer,  
And seraph-boys by land and sea  
To do thy bidding,—earth and air  
To pay thee homage,—all the flowers,—  
And all the nymphs in all the bowers.

## XXVI

And this our love should last for aye,  
And we should live these thousand years.  
We'd meet in Mars on Christmas Day,  
And make the tour of all the spheres.  
We'd do strange things! Sweet stars would shine,  
And Death would spare my love and thine.

## XXVII.

But these are dreams ; and dreams are vain ;  
Mine most of all, --so heed them not.  
Brave thoughts will die, though men complain,  
And mine was bold ! 'Tis now forgot.  
Well ; let me bless thee, ere I sleep,  
And give thee all my joys to keep.

## XXVIII.

I bless the house where thou wast born,  
I bless the hours of every night,  
And every hour from flush of morn  
Till death of day, for thy delight ;  
I bless the sunbeams as they shine,—  
So like those golden locks of thine.

## XXIX.

I bless thy lips, thy lustrous eyes,  
 Thy face, thy feet, thy forehead fair,  
 The light that shines in summer skies,—  
 In garden walks when thou art there,—  
 And all the grass beneath thy feet,  
 And all the songs thou singest, Sweet !

## XXX.

But blessing thus,—ah, woe's the day I—  
 I know what tears I shall not shed,  
 What flowers will bloom, and, bright as they,  
 What bells will ring when I am dead.  
 Ah, kill me, kiss me, curse me, Thou !  
 But let me be thy minstrel now.



## ELEANORE.

THE forest flowers are faded all,  
 The winds complain, the snow-flakes fall,  
 Eleanore !  
 I turn to thee, as to a bower :—  
 Thou breathest beauty like a flower,  
 Thou smilest like a happy hour,  
 Eleanore !

## II.

I turn to thee. I bles<sup>s</sup> after  
 Thy name, which is my guiding-star,  
 Eleanore !  
 And yet, ah God ! when thou art here  
 I faint, I hold my breath for fear.  
 Art thou some phantom wandering near,  
 Eleanore ?

## III

Oh, take me to thy bower fair ;  
 Oh, cover me with thy golden hair,  
 Eleanore !  
 There let me lie when I am dead,  
 Those morning hours about me spread,  
 The glory of thy face o'erhead,  
 Eleanore !



## THE STATUE

## I.

SEE where my lady stands,  
 Lifting her lustrous hands,  
 Here let me bow.  
 Image of truth and grace !  
 Maid with the angel-face !  
 Earth was no dwelling-place  
 For such as thou.

## II.

Ah, thou unhappy stone,  
 Make now thy sorrows known ;  
 Make known thy longing.  
 Thou art the form of one  
 Whom I, with hopes undone,  
 Buried at set of sun,—  
 All the friends thronging.

## III.

Thou art some Vision bright  
 Lost out of Heaven at night,  
 Far from thy race.  
 Oft when the others dance,  
 Come I, with wistful glance,  
 Fearful lest thou, perchance,  
 Leave the dark place.

## IV.

No ! thou wilt never flee,  
 Earth has a charm for thee ;—  
 Why should we sever ?  
 Years have I seen thee so,  
 Making pretence to go,  
 Lifting thine arms of snow,—  
 Voiceless for ever !

## V.

Here bring I all my cares,  
 Here dream and say my p—  
 While the bells toll.  
 O thou beloved saint !  
 Let not my courage faint,  
 Let not a shame, or taint,  
 Injure my soul !

**PABLO DE SARASATE.**

## I.

WHO comes, to-day, with sunlight on his face,  
And eyes of fire, that have a sorrow's trace,  
But are not sad with sadness of the years,  
Or hints of tears?

## II.

He is a king, or I mistake the sign,  
A king of song,—a comrade of the Nine,—  
The Muses' brother, and their youngest one,  
This side the sun.

## III.

See how he bends to greet his soul's desire,  
His violin, which trembles like a lyre,  
And seems to trust him, and to know his touch,  
Belov'd so much!

## IV.

He stands full height; he draws it to his breast,  
Like one, in joy, who takes a wonder-guest,—  
A weird, wild thing, bewitched from end to end,—  
To be his friend.

## V.

And who can doubt the right it has to be  
So near his heart, and there to sob and sigh,  
And there, to shake its octaves into notes  
With bird-like throats

## VI.

Ah ! see how deftly, with his lifted bow,  
 He strikes the chords of ecstasy and woe,  
 And wakes the wailing of the sprite within  
 That knows not sin.

## VII.

A thousand heads are turn'd to where he stands,  
 A thousand hopes are moulded to his hands,  
 And, like a storm-wind hurrying from the north,  
 A shout breaks forth.

## VIII.

It is the welcome that of old was given  
 To Paganism ere he join'd in Heaven  
 The angel-choirs of those who serve aright  
 The God of Light.

## IX.

It is the large, broad utterance of a throng  
 That loves a faith-employ'd, impassion'd song;  
 A song that soothes the heart, and makes it sad,  
 Yet keeps us glad.

## X.

For look ! how bearded men and women fair  
 Shed tears and smile, and half repeat a prayer,  
 And half are shamed in their so mean estate,  
 And he so great !

XI.

This is the young Endymion out of Spain  
Who, laurel-crown'd, has come to us again  
To re-intone the songs of other time,  
In far-off chimes.

XII.

To prove again that Music, by the plea  
Of all men's love, has link'd from sea to sea  
All shores of earth in one scene and grand  
Symphonic land.

XIII.

Oh ! hush the while ! Oh ! hush ! A bird has sung,  
A Mayday bird has trill'd without a tongue,  
And now, 'twould seem, has wandered out of sight  
For sheer delight.

XIV.

A phantom bird ! 'Tis gone where all things go—  
The wind, the rain, the sunshine, and the snow,  
The hopes we nurs'd, the dead things lately pass'd—  
All dreams at last.

XV.

The towers of light, the castles in the air,  
The queenly things with diamonds in their hair,  
The toys of sound, the flowers of magic art—  
All these depart

## XVI.

They seem'd to live ; and lo ! beyond recall,  
 They take the sweet sad Silence for a pall,  
 And, wrapt therein, consent to be dismiss'd,  
 Though glory-kiss'd.

## XVII.

O pride of Spain ! O wizard with a wand  
 More fraught with fervours of the life beyond  
 Than books have taught us in these tawdry days,  
 Take thou my praise.

## XVIII.

Aye, take it, Pallo ! Though so poor a thing,  
 'Twill serve to mind thee of an English spring  
 When wealth, and worth, and fashion, each and all,  
 Obey'd thy thrall.

## XIX.

The lark that sings it's love song in the cloud  
 Is God-inspired and grand,—but is not proud,—  
 And soon forgets the salvos of the breeze,  
 As thou dost these.

## XX.

The shouts, the praises, and the swift acclaim,  
 That men have brought to magnify thy name,  
 Affect thee barely as an idle cheer

Affects a seat.

But thou art ours, O Pablo ! ours to-day,  
Ours, and not ours, in thy triumphant sway ;  
And we must urge it by the right that brings  
Honour to kings.

## XXII

Honour to thee, thou stately, thou divine  
And far-famed minstrel of a mighty line !  
Honour to thee, and peace, and musings high,  
Good night ! Good-bye !

*MY AMAZON.*

## I.

My Love is a lady fair and free,  
A lady fair from over the sea,  
And she hath eyes that pierce my breast  
And rob my spirit of peace and rest.

## II.

A youthful warrior, warm and young,  
She takes me prisoner with her tongue,  
Aye, and she keeps me,—on parole,—  
Till paid the ransom of my soul.

## III.

I swear the foeman, arm'd for war  
 From *cap a' pre*, with many a scar,  
 More mercy finds for prostrate foe  
 Than she who dealt me never a blow.

## IV.

And so 'twill be, this many a day ;  
 She comes to wound, if not to slay.  
 But in my dreams,—in hon'ld sleep,—  
 'Tis I to smile, and she to weep !

*LINES TO A. C. SWINBURNE.*

[We have not, slack ! an ally to befriend us,  
 And the season is ripe to anticipate and end us.  
 Let the German ton' a' hounds with the Gaul,  
 And the fortres' of Eng'land must fall.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Louder and louder the noise of defiance  
 Kings raps from the grave of a trustless alliance,  
 And bids us beware, and be waru'd,  
 As abhor'd of all nations and scorn'd.

*A Word for the Nation, by A. C. Swinburne.*

## I.

NAY, good Sir Poet, read thy rhymes again,  
 And curb the tumults that are born in thee,  
 That now thy hand, relentful, may refrain  
 To deal the blow that Abel had of Cain.

II.

Are we not Britons born, when all is said,  
And thou the offspring of the knightly souls  
Who fought for Charles when tears were harvested,  
And Cromwell rose to power on Charles's head?

III.

O reckless, roistering bard, that in a breath  
Did'st find the way to flout thy fathers' flag!  
Is't well, unheeding what thy Reason saith,  
To seem to triumph in thy country's bane?

IV.

If none will speak for us, if none will say  
How far thy Muse has wrong'd us in its thought,  
Tis I will do it ; I will say their say,  
And hurl thee back the wings of thy day.

V.

We own thy prowess ; for we've learnt by rote  
Song after song of thine ; and thou art great.  
But why this malice ? Why this wanton note  
Which seems to come like lava from thy throat ?

VI.

When Hugo spoke we owned his master spell ;  
We knew he feared us more than he contemned.  
He fleck'd with fire each sentence as it fell,  
And tolled his rancours like a wedding-bell.

## VII.

And we were proud of him, as France was proud.

Ay ! call'd him brother,—though he lov'd us not ;  
And we were thrill'd when, ruthless from a cloud,  
The bolt of death outstretch'd him for a shroud.

## VIII.

Thou'rt great as he by fame and force of song,

But less than he as spokesman of his Land.  
For thou hast rail'd at thine, to do it wrong,  
And call'd it coward though its faith is strong.

## IX

England a coward? O thou hive foot five

Of flesh and blood and sinew and the rest !

Is she not girt with glory and alive

To hear thee buzz thy scorn of all the hive ?

## X.

## X.

Thou art a bee,—a bright, a golden thing

With too much honey ; and the taste thereof  
Is sometimes rough, and somewhat of a sting.  
Dwells in the music that we hear thee sing.

## XI.

Oh, thou hast wrong'd us ; thou hast said of late

More than is good for listeners to repeat.

Nay, I have marvell'd at thy words of hate,

For friends and foes alike have deem'd us great.

XII

We are not vile. We, too, have hearts to feel;  
And not in vain have men run number'd thus,  
Our hands are quick at turn to clasp the steel,  
And strike the blows that enter and not heal.

The sea-ward rocks are still a bane,  
By wave and wind, for bluster kill us all,  
But rocks endure. And in 'noble' we prevail  
Times out of number, when foes have ruled

And once, thou knowest, in it there was bound,  
Not bled in France, or else in render un  
And he was shake-pate of the whole world round,  
And he was king of men, though never crown'd

\*

XV.

He lov'd the gracious earth from east to west,  
And all the seas thereof and all its shores,  
But most he lov'd the home that he possess'd,  
And, right or wrong, his country seem'd the best.

;

XVI.

He was content with Albion's classic land.  
He lov'd its flag. He veil'd its every fault.  
Yes he was proud to let its honour stand,  
And bring to light the wonders it had plann'd.

;

## XVII.

Do thou thus much ; and deal no further pain ;  
 But sooner tear the tongue from out thy mouth,  
 And sooner let the life in thee be slain,  
 Than strike at One who strikes thee not again.

## XVIII.

Thy land and mine, our England, is erect,  
 And like a lordly thing she looks on thee,  
 And sees thee number'd with her bards elect,  
 And will not harm the brow that she has deck'd.

## XIX.

She lets thee live. She knows how rich and rare  
 Are songs like thine, and how the smallest bird  
 May make much music in the summer air,  
 And how a curse may turn into a prayer.

## XX.

Take back thy taunt, I say ; and with the same  
 Accept our pardon ; or, if this offend,  
 Why then no pardon, e'en in England's name.  
 We have our country still, and thou thy fame !



## 8

## THE LITTLE GRAVE.

## I.

A LITTLE mound of earth  
Is all the land I own :  
Death gave it me, — five feet by three,  
And mark'd it with a stone.

## II.

My home, my garden-grave,  
Where most I long to go !  
The ground is mine by right divine,  
And Heaven will have it so.

## III.

For here my darling sleeps,  
Unseen, — arrived in white, —  
And o'er the grass the breezes pass,  
And stars look down at night.

## IV.

Here Beauty, Love, and Joy,  
With her in silence dwell,  
As Eastern slaves are thrown in graves  
Of kings remember'd well.

## V.

But here let no man come,  
My mourning rights to sever.  
Who lieth here is cold and dumb,  
Her dust is mine for ever !

## A DIRGE.

I.

ART thou lonely in thy tomb?  
 Art thou cold in such a gloom?  
 Rouse thee, then, and make me room,—  
 Miserere Domine!

II.

Phantom vex thy virgin sleep,  
 Nameless things around thee creep,  
 Yet be patient, do not weep,—  
 Miserere Domine!

III.

O be faithful! be brave!  
 Naught shall harm thee in thy grave;  
 Let the restless spirits rave,—  
 Miserere Domine!

IV.

When my pilgrimage is done,  
 When the grace of God is won,  
 I will come to thee, my nun,—  
 Miserere Domine!

V.

Like a priest in flowing vest,  
 Like a pale, unbidden guest,  
 I will come to thee and rest,—  
 Miserere Domine!

## DAISIES OUT AT SEA.

THESE are the buds we bear beyond the surf,--  
 Enshrined in mould and turf,--  
 To take to fields far off, a land's salute  
 Of high and vast repute,--  
 The Shakespeare-land of every heart's desire,  
 Whereof, 'tis said, the fame shall not expire.  
 But shine in all men's thoughts as shines a beacon-fire.

## II

O bright and gracious things that seem to glow  
 With frills of winter snow,  
 And little golden heads that know the sun,  
 And seasons half begun,  
 How blythe they look, how fresh and debonair,  
 In this their prison on the seaward air,  
 On which no lark has soar'd to improvise a prayer.

## III.

Have they no memory of the inland grass,--  
 The fields where breezes pass,  
 And where the full-eyed children, out at play,  
 Make all the land so gay?  
 Have they no thought of dews that, like a tear,  
 Were shed by Morning on the Night's cold bier,  
 In far-off English homes, belov'd by all men here?

## IV.

O gems of earth ! O trinkets of the spring !  
 The sun, your gentle king,  
 Who counts your leave, and marshals ye apace,  
 In many a sacred place,  
 The godlike summer sun will miss ye all,  
 For he has foster'd all things, great and small,  
 Yea, all good things that live on earth's revolving ball.

But when, on d'y'e, he sees with eye serene  
 The lilles, tender-green,  
 And fair fresh face, of his lardy flowers,  
 How will he throb for hours,  
 And wish the lark, the laureate of the light,  
 Were near at hand, to see so fair a sight,  
 And chant the joys thereof a words we cannot write.

Oh, I have low'd ye more than may be told,  
 And deem'd it fairy-gold,—  
 And fairy silver, - that ye bear withal ;  
 Ye are so soft and small,  
 I weep for joy to find ye here to-day  
 So near to Heaven, and yet so far away,  
 In our good ocean-ship, whose bows are wet

## VII.

Ye are the cynosure of many eyes  
 Bright-blue as English skies,  
 The sailors' eyes that scan ye in a row,  
 As if intent to show

That this dear freight of mould and meadow-flower  
 Which sails the sea, in sunshine and in shower,  
 Is England's gift of love, which storm shd' not devour.

She sends ye forth in sadness and in joy,  
 As one may send a toy  
 To children's children, bred in other lands  
 By love-abiding hands.  
 And, day by day, ye sail upon the town  
 To call to mind the sons' and mothers' home,  
 Where babes, now grown to men, were wont of yore to  
 roam.

In England's name, in Shakespeare's,—and in ours,  
 Who bear these trusted flowers,  
 There shall be heard a cheer from many throat  
 A rush and roar of notes,  
 As loud, and proud, as those of heavenward birds ;  
 And they who till the ground and tend the herds  
 Will read our thoughts therein, and clothe the same in  
 words.

## X.

For England's sake, for England once again,  
 In pride and power and pain,  
 For England, aye ! for England in the girth  
 Of all her joy and worth,  
 A strong and clear, outspoken, undefined,  
 And uncontroll'd will shout upon the wind,  
 Will greet these winsome flowers as friends of human-  
 kind !



Songes.





## ECCLIASY.

I CANNOT sing to thee as I would sing  
If I were quickened like the holy lark  
With fire from Heaven and sunlight on his wing  
Who wakes the world with witcheries of the  
Renewed in rapture in the reddening air.  
A thing of splendour do I dream I am then,  
A feather'd frenzy with in any flight to it,  
A something sweet that somewhere seems to float  
"Twixt earth and sky, to be a sign to men.  
He fills me with such wonder and despair!  
I long to kiss thy locks, so golden bright,  
As he doth kiss the tresses of the sun.  
Oh! bid me sing to thee, my chosen one,  
And do thou teach me, Love, to sing aright

## II.

## VISIONS.

The Poet meets Apollo on the hill,  
And Pan and Flora and the Paphian Queen,  
And infant maidens bruising in the rill,  
And Plyad maidens that dance upon the green,  
And fauns and Oreads in the silver sheen  
They wear in summer, when the air is still.  
He quits the zone of life, and quaffs his fill,  
And sees Creation through its mask terrene.  
The dead are wise, for they alone can see  
As see the birds -- as we, beyond the dust,  
The eyes of b'ld'. The dead alone are just.  
There is no comfort in the bitter see  
That scholars pay for fame. True sage is he  
Who doubts all doubt, and takes the soul on trust.

## III

## THE DAISY

See where it stands, the wold incanted flower,  
Pure gold at centre, like the sun at noon,—  
A mimic sun to light a true-love bower  
For fair Queen Mab, now dead or in a swoon,  
Whom late a poet saw beneath the moon.  
It lifts its dainty face till sunset hour,  
As if endowed with nympholeptic power,—  
Then shuts its petals like a folding tune !  
I love it more than words of mine can say,  
And more than anchorite may breathe in prayer  
Methinks the lark has made it still his care  
To brag of daisies to the lord of day.  
Well ! I will follow suit, as best I may,  
Launching my love-songs on the summer air.

## IV.

## PROBATION.

COUNCIL, O' won't obtain a charter clear  
To be thy lord, in all thy vicinys and bays,  
I would consult the trees, from year to year,  
And talk with them, and learn of them their ways,  
And why the nymphs, so fair now appear  
In human form, with fairest and newest gowns;  
And I would learn of the mighty Joy decays,  
And why the Fairies, they come not to flourish here.  
I would, in answer to the woe's "Ales!"  
Explain the cause of a sorrow, a flight;  
I would perceive the waiting on the grass  
Which flowers have traced in blue and red and white;  
And, reading the e., I would, as from a pen,  
Read thoughts of thine unguess'd by other men !

## V.

## DANTE.

He held and low'd the mace, he was poor;

But he was gifted with the gifts of Heaven,

And those of all the world they that are seven,

And those of all the earth that are twelve,

He bow'd to none, he kept his lesson sure,

He follow'd in the wake of those Eleven

Who walk'd with Christ, and liv'd by his steven\*

To keep the bulwarks of his faith secure,

He knew the secrets of the vining tree;

He track'd the sun, he ate the crimson fruit

Of grief and joy, and with his wonder-lute

He made himself a name in every clime.

The minds of men were madly stricken mute,

And all the world lay subject to his rhyme!

— — — — —

\* Steven, a voice; old word revived.

## VI.

## DIFFIDENCE.

I CANNOT deck my thought in proud attire,  
Or make it fit for thee in any dress,  
Or sing to thee the song of thy desire,  
In summer's heat, or by the winter's fire,  
Or give thee cause to comfort or to bless,  
For I have scolded mine own unworthiness  
And well I know the weakness of the lyre  
Which I have driven to sway to thy cares,  
Yet must I quell my tears and calm the smart  
Of my vex'd soul, and steadfastly emerge  
From him some thoughts, as from the tempest's surge,  
I must control the beating of my heart,  
And bid false pride be gone, who, with his art,  
Has press'd, too long, a suit I dare not urge.

## VIL.

## FAIRIES.

GLORY abhors when valourly 't at' best ;  
And fairies show themselves , in friendly guise ,  
To all who hold a trut beyond the dead ,  
And all who pray, a'beit so worldly-wise ,  
With cheerful hearts, or wildly-weeping eyes .  
They come and go when children are in bed  
To gladden them with dreams from out the skies  
And sanctify all tears that they have shed .  
Fairies are wing'd for wandering to and fro  
They live in legend , they survive the Greeks ,  
Wisdom is theirs ; they live for us and grow ,  
Like things ambrosial, fairer than the fleas  
Of signs and seasons which the poets know ,  
Or fires of sunset on the mountain-peaks .

## VILL.

## SPIRIT LOVE.

How great my joy ! How great my recompense !

I bow to thee ; — keep thee in my sight  
I call thee mine, as I see though not in sense  
I hate with thee the heritage immense  
Of holy dreams which come to us at night,  
When, through the medium of the spirit-lens.

We see the soul, in its primal light,  
And Reason spires the hopes it cannot blight.  
It is the soul of thee, and not the form,  
And not the face, I yearn-to in my sleep.  
It is thyself. — The body is the storm,  
The soul the star beyond it in the deep  
Of Nature's calm. — And yonder on the steep  
The Sun of Faith, quiescent, round, and warm !

I X.

## AFTER TWO DAYS.

ANOTHER night has mould'd itself to day,  
Another day has such a into eve,  
And lo ! again I trud' the un-cared way  
    Of word and thought, the whom to interweave  
        As flowers absorb the rays that they receive  
And, all along the woodland where I stray,  
I think of thee, and Nature keeps me gay,  
    And sorrow soothes the soul it would bereave  
Nor will I fear that thou, so far as art,  
        So dear to me, so fair, and so benign,  
Wilt un-desire the sweets of a bair  
    Which evermore is pledg'd to thee and thine  
And turns to thee, in regions where thou art,  
        To hymn the praises of thy face divine !

## X.

## BYRON.

He was a god descended from the skies  
To fight the fight of Freedom o'er a grave,  
And consecrate a hope he could not save ;  
For he was weak without, and foolish wise.  
Dark were his thoughts, and strange his destinies,  
And oftentimes his life he did deprave.  
But all do pity him, though none despise  
He was a prince of song, though sorrow's slave.  
He ask'd for tears,—and they were tinged with fire ;  
He ask'd for love, and love was sold to him.  
He look'd for solace at the goblet's brim,  
And found it not ; then wept upon his lyre.  
He sang the songs of all the world's desire,—  
He weas the wreath no rivalry can dim !

## XL.

## LOVE'S AMBITION.

I **MUST** invoke thee for my part's good,  
And prove myself un guilty of the crime  
Of mere self-seeking, though with this imbued.  
I sing as sings the lark in a wood,  
Content to be alive at harvest-time.  
Had I its wings I should not be withheld;  
But I will weave my bangles into thyme,  
And greet afar the heights I cannot climb.  
I will invoke thee, Love! though far away,  
And pay thee homage, as become a knight  
Who longs to keep his true love in his sight.  
Yea, I will soar to thee, in roundelay,  
In shine and shower, and make a bold assay  
Of each fond hope, to compass thee aright.

XV

## LOVE'S DEFEAT.

Do what I will I must chart so well  
As other men; and yet now 't is true,  
My hopes are bold, my thoughts are hard to tell,  
But thou can'st read them, and accept them, too,  
Though, half afraid, they seem to hide from view.  
I strike the fire, 't is but the hollow shell;  
And why? For comfort, when my thoughts rebel,  
And when I count the woes that must ensue,  
But for this reason, and no other one,  
I dare to look thy way, and bow my head  
To thy sweet name, as sunlower to the sun,  
Though, peradventure, not so wisely fed  
With garden flowers. Tears must now be shed,  
Unnumber'd tears, till life or love be done!

XII.

A THUNDERSTORM AT NIGHT.

THE Lightning is the short hand of the storm  
That tells of chaos, and lead the way  
As one may read the warning of a snake,  
As one in Hell may see the sudden doom  
Of God's fore-juger pointed as in blind  
How weird the scene ! 't is like a sulphur-warm  
With hints of death, and in their vault enormous  
The reeling stars, coagulate in flame,  
And now the torrents from their mountain-beds  
Roar down uncheck'd, and serpent-shaped of  
mist  
Writhe up to Heaven with unbidden heads ;  
And thunder-clouds, whose lightnings intertwist,  
Rack all the sky, and tear it into shreds,  
And shake the air like Titans that have kiss'd !

## XIV.

## IN TUSCANY.

Dost thou remember, friend of vanish'd day,  
How in the golden sun of love and song,  
We met in April in the crowded ways  
Of that fair city where the soul is strong,  
Aye ! strong as fate, for good or evil praise ?  
And how the lord whom all the world obeys, —  
The lord of light to whom the stars belong, —  
Hid me 't the track that led thee through the throng ?  
Dost thou remember, in the wooded dale,  
Beyond the town of Dante the Divine,  
How all the air was flooded as with wine ?  
And how the lark, to drown the nightingale,  
Peal'd out sweet notes ? I live to tell the tale.  
But thou ? Oblivion signs thee with a sign !

## XV.

## A HERO

THE warrior knows how fitful is the night, --  
How sad to live, -- how sweet perchance to die  
Is Fame his joy? He meets her on the height  
And when he falls, he shouts his battle-cry;  
His eyes are wet; our own will not be dry.  
Nor shall we stint his praise, or our delight,  
When he survives to serve us, Land and right  
And make his fame the watchword of the sky.  
In all our hopes his love is with us still;  
He tends our faith, he soothes us when we grieve.  
His acts are just; his word we must believe,  
And none shall spurn him, though his blood they spill  
To pierce the heart whose pride they cannot kill. --  
Death dies for him whose fame is his reprieve!

## XVI.

## REMORSE.

Go, get thee gone — I love thee not, I swear ;  
And if I lov'd thee well in days gone by,  
And if I kiss'd — and trifled with thy hair,  
And crown'd thy bair, to prove the same a lie,  
My doo'ry this — my joy was quick to die.  
The chain of custom in the drowsy bair  
Of some skin visible isn't weight to bear,  
And I, though I'd do it, — do it as well as I.  
Ah, God ! 'tis tearful-true — and I repent ;  
And like a dead, live man ; live for this :—  
To stand, unvalued, on a dream's abyss,  
And be mine own most piteous monument.  
What I did I rob thee, Lady, of a kiss ? ..  
There, take it back ; and frown ; and be content !

XVII

THE MISSION OF THE BARD

He is a seer. He wears the swaddling raiment  
Of Art and Nature; and his voice is bold.  
He should be quicker than the birds to sing,  
And fill'd with frenzy like the men of old  
Who sang their songs for country and for king.  
Nothing should daunt him, though the news were told  
By fiends from Hell! He should be swift to hold  
And swift to part with truth, as from a spring.  
He should discourse of war and war's alarm,  
And deeds of peace, and garlands to be sought,  
And love, and lore, and death, and beauty's charm,  
And warlike men subdued by tender thought,  
And grief dismiss'd, and hatred set at nought,  
And Freedom shielded by his strong right arm!

## XVIII.

## DEATH.

If in the joy, it is the rest of life,  
To know that Death, ungainly to the vile,  
Is not a traitor with a reckless knife,  
And not a serpent with a look of guile,  
But one who greets us with a seraph's smile,—  
An angel guest to tend us after strife,  
And keep us true to God when fears are rife,  
And sceptic thought would daunt us or desile.  
He walks the world as one empower'd to fill  
The fields of space for Father and for Son.  
He is our friend, though morbidly we shun  
His tender touch,—a cure for every ill.  
He is the king of peace, when all is done.  
Earth and the air are moulded to his will.

## XIX

*TO ONE I LOVE.*

On, let me plead with thee to have a nook,  
A garden nook, not far from thy domain  
That there, with harp, and voice, and poet be  
I may be true to thee, and, passion-fain,  
Rehearse the songs of nature once again ;  
The songs of Cynthia wandering by the broo  
To soothe the raptures of a lover's pain,  
And those of Phyllis with her shepherd's crook !  
I die to serve thee, and for this alone,  
To be thy bard-elect, from day to day,  
I would forego the right to fill a throne.  
I would consent to be the famine-prey  
Of some fierce pard, if ere the mght were hot  
I could subdue thy spirit to my sway

## \* X

## EX TENEBRIS.

THE mild, fair showers'd their rain upon the sod,  
And flowers and trees have mourn'd as with lips  
The very silence has appeal'd to God  
In man's behalf, though smitten by His rod.

It would seem as if the blight of some eclipse  
Had dull'd the skies,-- as if, on mountain tips,  
The winds of Heaven had spurn'd the life terrene,  
And clouds were foundering like benighted ships.  
But what is this, exultant, unforeseen,  
Which cleaves the dark? A fearful, burning thing!  
Is it the moon? Or Saturn's scarlet ring  
Hurl'd into space? It is the tempest-sun!  
It is the advent of the Phœban king  
Which tell the valleys that the storm is done!

## XXI

## VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR the King ! alive ! alive !—dead ! dead !  
Behold, I bring thee with a joyful shame  
A poor pale wreath, the last of my communion  
But all unfit to deck so grand a bier !—  
It is the outcome of a neighbouring land  
Denounced of thee, and spurn'd for many years  
It is the token of a nation's tears  
Which oft has joy'd in thy hate, and chaff'd again.  
Love for thy hate, applause for thy disdain,--  
These are the flowers we spread upon thy bier.  
We give thee back, to day, the poet-curse ;  
We call thee friend ; we ratify thy reign.  
Kings change their sceptres for a funeral stone  
But thou hast turn'd thy tomb into a throne .

## XXII.

## CYNTIIA.

O LADY Moon, cleft of all the spheres  
To be the guardian of the ocean-tides,  
I charge thee, say, by all thy hopes and fears,  
And by thy face, the oracle of brides,  
Why ev'nmore Rumor with thee abides?  
Is life a bane to thee, and fraught with tears,  
That thus forlorn and sad thou dost confer  
With ghosts and shades? Perchance thou dost aspire  
To bridal honour, and thy Phoebus-sire  
Forbids the banns, whoe'er thy suitor be?  
Is this thy grievance, O thou chief of nymphs?  
Or dost thou weep to know that Jupiter  
Hath many moons—his daughters and his sons—  
And Earth, thy mother, only one in thee?

## XXIII.

*PHILOMEL.*

Lo, as a minstrel at the court of Love,  
The nightingale, who knew his mate simple,  
Thrills into rapture, and the stars above  
Look down, affrighted, as they would reply  
There is contagion, and I know not why,  
In all this clamour, all this fierce delight,  
As if the sunset, when the day did swoon,  
Had drawn some wild confession from the moon.  
Have wrongs been done? Have crimes enacted been  
To shame the weird retirement of the night?  
O clamorous bird! O sad, sweet nightingale!  
Withhold thy voice, and blame not Beauty's queen.  
She may be pure, though dumb: and she is pale,  
And wears a radiance on her brow serene.

## XXIV

## THE SONNET KING

O! how could I believe, I baw to thee,  
Great king of woe, throned long ago  
And lover-like, I love enjoyed me,  
And am I like, unmov'd of my woe,  
I reckon up my recol'eps as they flow,  
I wo'd not lose the power to shed a teaz  
For all the wealth of Platus and his wife,  
I wo'd not be so bare as not complain  
When he I love is absent from my sight,  
No, not for all the marvels of the night,  
And all the varying splendours of the years,  
Do thou a st me, know I that art the light  
Of all true lovers' soul, in all the sphere,  
To make a May time of my sorrows slay.

## XXV

## TOKEN FLOWERS.

Oh, not the daisy, for she's lowly and good !  
Take not the daisy : let it bloom open,  
Untouch'd alike by spic'd balsam or by spray  
Of party feud. It is not a rod,  
And no one fears, or hates it, on the sod.  
It laughs, exultant, in the Morning's face,  
And everywhere doth fill a lowly place  
Though fraught with favours for the darkest clo.  
Tis said the primrose is a party flower,  
And means coercion, and the cov'ren'own  
Of one who toil'd for country and for crown.  
This may be so ! But, in my Lady's bower,  
It means content,—a hope, — a golden hour.  
Primroses smile ; and daisies cannot frown !

## XXVI.

## A PRAYER FOR ENGLAND.

AB, for Lord God of Hosts, to whom we call,--  
By whom we live,-- on whom our hopes are built,--  
Do Thou, from year to year, even as Thou wilt,  
Control the Realm, but suffer not to fall  
Its ancient fouth, its grandeur, and its thrall !  
Do Thou preserve it, in the hours of guilt,  
When foemen thrust for blood that should be spilt,  
And keep it strong when traitors would appal.  
Uphold us still, O God ! and be the screen  
And sword and buckler of our England's might,  
That foemen's wiles, and woes which intervene,  
May fade away, as fades a winter's night.  
Thine ears have heard us, and Thine eyes have seen.  
Wilt Thou not help us, Lord ! to find the Light ?

## XXVII.

## A VETERAN POET.

I KNEW thee first as one may know the sun  
Of some apostle, as a man may know  
The mid-day sun far-shining o'er the snow.  
I hul'd thee prince of poets ! I became  
Vassal of thine, and warm'd me at the flame  
Of thy pure thought, my spirit all aglow  
With dreams of peace, and pomp, and lyric show,  
And all the splendours, Master ! of thy name.  
But now, a man reveal'd, a guide for men,  
I see thy face, I clasp thee by the hand ;  
And though the Muses in thy presence stand,  
There's room for me to loiter in thy bower.  
O lordly soul ! O wizard of the pen !  
What news from God ? What word from Fairyland ?



A CHORAL ODE TO LIBERTY,  
AND OTHER POEMS.



## A CHORAL ODE TO LIBERTY.

### I.

O MOTHER LIBERTY, with eye of flame,  
Mother and maid, immortal, man's delight !  
Fairest and first art thou in name and fame,  
And none shall rob thee of thy vested right.  
Where is the man, though fifty times a king,  
Shall stay the tide, or countermand the spring ?  
And where is he, though fifty times a knave,  
Shall track thy steps to cast thee in a grave ?

### II.

Old as the sun art thou, and young as morn,  
And fresh as April when the breezes blow,  
And girt with glory like the growing corn,  
And undefiled like moun'tains made of snow.  
Oh, thou'rt the summer of the souls of men,  
And poor men's rights, approved by sword and pen,  
Are made self-certain as the day at noon,  
And fair to view as flowers that grow in June.

## III

Look, where erect and tall thy Symbol waits,\*  
 The gift of France to tread, beyond the deep,  
 A living presence at the iron gate,  
 With lips of peace, and eyes that cannot weep;  
 A new-born Pallas with uplifted arm  
 To fight the scum, and keep the land from harm -  
 To fight the scum, at downfall of the day,  
 And dower with dew, the darkening water-way.

## IV

O noble Libe, of worthies of fame,  
 Faster and faster, on mortal, stern of brow  
 For us and free, at thine own name and fame,  
 And keen shall we see the lightning on thy brow.

## V.

Who dares condann thee with th' puny breath  
 Of one poor life, O thou untouched of fate!  
 Who seeks to bias thee to a felon's death,  
 As thou're splendifer and a love-clate?  
 Who dares do thine and live? - Who dares assail  
 Thy star-kissed forehead, pure and marble-pale?  
 And thou so oft possessed 'mid all the star,  
 And like to Pallas born of Mleaber?

## VI

Oh, I've beheld the sun, at setting time,  
 Peep o'er the hills as it to say good-bye;  
 And I have haled it with the sudden rhyme  
 Of some new thought, full freighted with a sigh.

\* Berthold's Statue of Liberty in New York harbour.

And I have mused : Even this may Freedom fall,  
 And darkness shroud it like a wintry pall,  
 And right o'erwhelm it, and the shades thereof  
 Fugitive the glories born of perfect love.

## VII.

But there's no fall for thee ; there is no tomb ;  
 And none shall stab thee, none shall stay thy hand,  
 Thy face is fair with love's eternal bloom . . . .  
 And thou shalt have all things, if thy command.  
 A tomb for thee ! ay, when the sun is slain,  
 And lamps and fire in the day ; but on the sun,  
 Then may'st thou die, O Freedom ! and for thee  
 A tomb be found where love and courage lie.

## VIII.

*O sunlike Liberty, with eyes of flame,  
 Mother and mara, immortal, born to light,  
 Farrest art thou not them in their own flame,  
 And thou shall trounce the tempter to the right !*

## IX.

There shall be feasting and a sound of song  
 In thy great cities ; and a voice divine  
 Shall tell of freedom all the winter long,  
 And fill the air with rapture as with wine.  
 The spring shall hear it, spring shall hear the sound,  
 And summer waft it o'er the flowerful ground ;  
 And autumn pale shall shake her withered leaves  
 On festal morns and star-bespangled eves.

## X.

For thou'rt the snail of Heaven when earth is dim—  
 The face of God reflected in the sea—  
 The land's reclam uplifted by the hymn  
 Of some glad lark triumphant on the lea.  
 Thou art all this and more! Thou art the goal  
 Of earth's selected ones from pole to pole,  
 The last ring's link, the world's primeval fire,  
 An Englishman's joy, and every man's desire.

## XI.

O proud and pure! O youth, art I sublimer!  
 For thee and thine, O Freedom! O my Joy!  
 For thee, the bold, the heroes of time  
 A throne is built, of no man shall destroy,  
 Thou shalt be on aiter time, and milks around  
 And seas of empire, a monarch of one be crowned.  
 The world's bright noon-day, and the winds of Heaven  
 Shall sing thee song with mixed and mighty steven.

## XII.

O where Liberty, with eyes of flame,  
 Mother and mate, immortal, unconfin'd!  
 Fairer an infant art thou in name and fame,  
 And thou shalt speed more swiftly than the wind!

## XIII.

Who loves thee not is traitor to himself,  
 Traitor w<sup>th</sup> he to God and to the grave,  
 Poor as a miser with his load of pelt,  
 And more unstable than a leeward wave.  
 Cursed is he for aye, and his shall be  
 A name of shame from sea to furthest sea,

A name is soon to all men under sun  
Whose upright souls have learnt to loathe this one.

xvi.

A thousand times! O Freedom! have I turned  
To thy rapt face, and wished that martyr-wise  
I might achieve some glory, such as burned  
Within the depths of Gordon's zealous eyes.  
Ah God! how sweet it were to give thy life  
To all thy cause! I sink in the thought,  
Loving thee best, O Freedom! in my tears  
Giving thee thanks for thine accepted death.

For thou art fearful, the god of grand of soul,  
Fearful and fearless, and the friend of men,  
The haughtiest knees will bow to thy power,  
And rich and poor alike thy presence fill,  
Who doubts the Laylight when the sun is dark,  
The fading lamp of some night we o'er-saw,  
Which prophet-like, has heard amid the dark  
The first faint prelude of the nested lark?

xvii.

O sunlike Liberty, with eyes of flame,  
Mother and maid, immortal, prompt of thought!  
Fairest and first art thou in name and fame,  
And thou shalt lash the storm till it be nought!

xviii.

O thou desired of men! O thou supreme!  
And true-toned spirit whom the bards revere!  
At times thou com'st in likeness of a dream  
To urge rebellion, with a face austere.

And by that power thou hast — e'en by that power  
 Which is the outcome of thy sovereign power —  
 Thou teachest slaves, down trodden, how to stand  
 Lords of themselves in each benignant Land.

## XVIII.

The hosts of death, the squadrons of the law,  
 The arm'd array of injury and hate,  
 Shall in thy light, the light of name to save,  
 And train to glory, end and out of date.  
 Yeath thou shall be ; for this we willed it so,  
 And none shall be under thy law, to try it low ;  
 And none shall rend thy rose that is to thee  
 As dawn to day, as sunlight to the sea.

For love of thee, there is not a precious thing !  
 For love of thee, there is not a power,  
 And all domains will own the poor soul,  
 Shall ne'er in 'Lon's' requirements e'ermore.  
 And there shall be, ful'som, from North to south,  
 From east to west, by Wisdom's word of mouth  
 One code of laws that all shall understand,  
 And all the world shall be one Fatherland.

## IX.

*O sunlike Liberty, with eyes of flame,  
 Mother and maid, immortal, sweet of breath !  
 Fairer and first art thou in name and fame,  
 And thou shalt pluck Redemption out of Death !*

HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

I.

Thou Mighty One, that on the Morning's brow  
Dost shine, all-seeing, in the plenitude  
Of thine up-rising through the Infinite !  
Look down and bless the day that's now ordained,  
And let the years of my poor life each  
Be thine forever, 'twa that art a king  
And hast the Cross for thy crowning play  
And all the world's sorry way of grace.

II.

The sea is thine, the shore, the croft are thine,  
And all the habits of men through all the zones :  
Yea, each created thing all through the years,  
All things are thine to make thee paramount ;  
And there's no one we know, by sea or land,  
That is not quickened by the sight of thee ;  
No ! there is nothing, earthward or in air,  
Which loves thee not with love beyond compare.

III.

O holiest on the mountains ! O thou sun  
That art a portent and a prodigy,  
And evermore dost measure time and space !  
To thee we turn to see thee what thou art --

60 HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

How fair, how constant, and how swift with beams,  
And how exultant in thine azure tent,

When, one by one, the stars confess thy power  
And leave thee all the landscapes for a dower.

IV.

Bless thou the earth, the rivers, and the plains,  
The founts, the forests, and the bounding seas;  
And earth and all creation be thy servant !  
Through all the seasons of thy varying time  
Bless thou the winds which are thy messengers,  
And as thou goest, bless thou every field,  
And every garden, and thou dostest on,  
And every sun who bears thy benison.

V.

O planet prince ! thou glorious born of night  
First, out of night, to come to wake the world !  
Behold me ! I am the Titan loved,  
When the bright sun and moon came under Heaven.  
For thou'rt the herald of the King of Kings,  
And He expandeth the high the centuries ;  
And all thy ways are wondrous as of old  
When Sappho prayed thee with her harp of gold.

VI.

A laureate bird is thine in every grove ;  
In all the fields thou hast thy troubadours.  
A thousand times the lark has trilled to thee,  
And waked the woods in April and in May ;

A myriad times, and more, his skyward bower  
Have drenched the summer with the dews of sun,  
And made, as 'twere, a faint-time overhead  
For bards to boast of when the day is done.

## VII.

Thou proud and peer ! Thou keeper of the key  
Of East and West, which are thy domains,  
Where thou, - at soaring and at setting sun, -  
Dost hold a mansion, well I leave to men  
The roofs whereof are jasper and vermeil,  
O jocund king ! transocean, untried,  
And unassailed by storms throughgout the land  
Look down and bless the oceans thou hast spanned

## VIII.

Bless thou the workers and the men of thought,  
The work they do, the wonders of the lute,  
And all the whispering of the wood and stream  
For thou'rt the weaver of the clouds of morn,  
And where thou art the hours are golden winged,  
And where thy servants are thy name is great,  
And where thy singers are, in bower and town,  
The hearts of men respond to thy renown.

## IX.

Hear us, Light-Giver ! and, from dawn to dusk,  
Be thou the fiery signal of much joy !  
Unfurl thy banners beauteous on the hills,  
And let the flash thereof—thy blazonry—

Be Hope's fore-runner in the reddening meads.  
 O Sire of Seasons ! Monarch of the Months !  
 Illuminate here thy suppliants, on the sod,  
 And lead us, through thy summers, up to God !



## THE KING'S REST.

## I.

Here lies the King, within his tomb—a shrine for men  
 to cherish,  
 The landmark of a nation's love, whose fame shall never  
 perish—  
 Our Shakespeare's Post ! the grave of him whom all  
 were proud to follow,  
 Because he joined to Plato's brain the frenzies of Apollo.

## II.

Ay, there he lies on English soil, the chief of all the  
 singers,  
 Highest and best in honour's quest among the passion-  
 bringers,  
 And o'er the stone a warning-word, as if, in kingly  
 sorrow,  
 He had foreseen the vulgar touch of some demented  
 morrow.

## III.

So many boons he left us here, so many golden verses,  
That, had he cursed us once a year, we might have borne  
his curses.  
But he was just. He cursed but once, to the grave he  
wended:—  
“Accurst be he who moves my bone!” and there the  
soul ended.

## IV.

Oh! he was great, and wise as Fate, and, by the pen he  
wielded,—  
Yea, by the pen that was his sword, —he loved the cause  
he shielded.  
He loved the children of the poor, the maiden and the  
mother,  
And all who toil by land and sea, and all who help each  
other.

## V.

He found that, as the years declined, —as one by one  
they vanished,—  
The earth was robbed of many joys, and Chivalry was  
banished.  
And so, to dower the world again,—to fill the place  
vacated,—  
He thronged the air with ecstasies which he alone  
created.

## VI.

He built a place out of nought, for Love to come and  
 win it,—  
 A dome of pride and pageantry, and only breath within  
 it.  
 But when he touched it with his hand, behold ! from out  
 the portal,  
 A thousand goodly shapes advanced,—and they were all  
 immortal.

## VII

These are the men we know to-day, the friends we  
 cannot sever,  
 Women and men of Shakespeare's pen who dwell with  
 us for ever.  
 We may forget the present hour, and facts around it  
 fleeting,  
 But not the grand eternities of his emphatic singing.

## VIII.

And when he doffed his robe of clay, to prove amid the  
 dying  
 That death was meant for meaner men, and not for his  
 descrewing,  
 At least he earned the common right which others, still,  
 have taken,  
 To turn his face to mother earth, belov'd, and not  
 forsaken.

## I

## IX.

He cannot die; but he has passed to Nature's, holy keeping,  
 Happy in sleep below the sod, and quieted in his sleeping.  
 Oh! peace be his, by night and day, — his spirit with the Giver, —  
 His dust within the Land he loved, besid' the Avon river!



## MY LADY IN WRATH.

## I

O FAIREST and fondest of nymphs, whom the birds and the breezes adore,  
 Be patient with me for a spic., don't be loving and true as of yore;  
 For if thou art slow to forgive and quick to recall an offence,  
 Remember at least I am thine to the uttermost throbbing of sense!

## II.

I am thine in the light of the past, in the light of the future I'm thine;  
 And I kneel to thine image to-day, as a hermit may kneel at a shrine.

And I know there is safety therein for a man who is  
stricken of Fate,  
And a comfort for one of us twain in the timely suppres-  
sion of her.

## III.

Thou didst call me thy eager of old, and, lo! I was  
proud of the name,  
But to-day I have fashioned a song as a victor may  
fashion a lance,  
And behold it is marred in its flight as a bird that has  
broken its wings,  
And the chords of the lute are entranced with the weight  
of the wonder of things.

## IV.

And yet it is true, as I live! I was chosen by thee and  
condemned;  
I was won by the gleam of thy hair; in the meshes  
thereof, I was entombed.  
At the sound of thy voice I was thrilled, and the thrilling  
thereof was fair,  
With the meanings of many delights that the summer  
was soon to confer.

## V.

O Love! by the token of tears and the touch of a  
vanished content,  
By the arrow that flies to the mark when the bow of the  
spoiler is bent;

By the dreams I am loth to discard, by the woes I am  
fain to release,  
I implore thee, be gentle in thine, that my life may be  
freed of thy curse!

## VI.

I remember how cold it came when I saw thee in  
silence depart,  
And I felt as a blade then drew that the bonet was  
breaking my heart,  
For the song that I sang was sweet, and I seemed  
to be singing of love,  
And the breeze had caught me as you'd catch a fish in  
the depths of the sea.

## VII.

was moved. — — — — —  
my lesson by — — —  
And I wondered how soon — should find I tided the  
sob in my throat,  
For a dove may be angered — — — — — and want may  
forget to be kept,  
And a lily may dream of the sun — like the summer's  
afloat on the wind.

## VIII.

It was shown in the days that are dead, it was known in  
the nights that are passed,  
It was proved in the pomp of the sun and the mystical  
mean of the lily.

And now it is also revealed that a rose may remember  
its thorn;  
And I weep when I think of it all in the bough of the  
coming of morn.

## IX.

Ay, lady! I bemoan it of me: I would rather be slain in  
the field,  
I would rather be thrown at the sea when the hurricane's  
ready to burst,  
I would rather be torn to be wolves in a winter of havoc  
and death,  
Than venture to be a man for an hour from the sweetest of  
men on earth!



)

Oh, come to me, come, say low! in the morrow that  
waits for us both,--  
And the Future will pardon the Past for the seeming  
collapse of an arch;  
And the hope that is centred in thee, when the tight to  
invest it is won,  
Will thine in I pladden the world with a glory surpass-  
ing the sun!

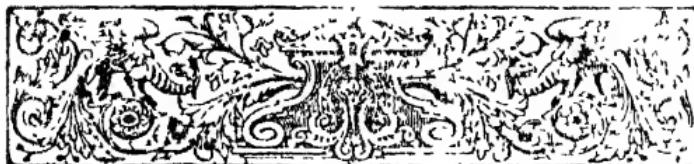
# Italian Poems

BY ERIC MACKAY.



LA ZINCARIELLA  
IL PONTE D'AVIGLIO  
I MUFI SATELLI





## LA ZINGARELLA

### I.

**D**IMMI, dimenti, o trovatore,  
Tu che canti sul lutto,  
Bello e bruno e pien d' amore  
Dalla valle in su venuto,  
Non ti fermi sull' alzura  
Per mostrare la tua bravura?  
Non mi canti sul burrone  
Qualech' hetta tua canzone?

### II.

- Zingarella, in sulla sera  
Canta bene il rosignolo,  
Piange e canta in sua preghiera  
Salutando un dolce suolo,  
Ma il lutto al mio toccare  
Pianger sa, non sa pregare . . .  
Dioh! che vuoi col tuo sorriso,  
Tu che sei di paradiiso?

## III

## 4

Volevano in tuo linguaggio,  
Come è fatto un'ana fedele,  
Se l'ono lo fa salvaprio  
Se l'ona lo fa credole,  
Se l'ona lo fa profum  
Ma l'ona non l'ha comuta  
Per l'ona non l'ha comuta  
Se l'ona lo fa salvaprio

## III

— Canta, o, o, magarla,  
Canta alle primi balata,  
Quelle cantate i novelli  
E non duci i novelli  
— Dio, ai tutto l' Canterbury  
D' Bimberie le me fe notti  
— D' Uigby e d' El Bosco Santo  
Dove no que il s'ri in Sartanto

## V

Saipe in breve, son marchese  
Castellano e cavaliere,  
Cattivo con questo amese  
D' una maga un dì l' amore.  
D' una maga? — Sì, di quelle  
Che san legger nelle carte,  
E fu bell' è — Non v' è guai  
Dama, oh no, che le li pari.

## VI.

Come parea in frado. Ah!  
 Era ferme al suo destre  
 Fu lo sguardo di una vita  
 Col quale o sia d'ora  
 Avea buonhe' suoi capelli  
 Occhi neri e volto bello,  
 Bocca e collo in pura  
 Come fior di rosa.

## VII.

Taci, taci, o caro filo  
 Qui conviveva un tempo a me  
 — Io l' amava — amava —  
 Piena felicità — e non —  
 L' amava, non l' amava  
 Ma fuggì dal mio regno,  
 Preseste un dì di Marge  
 Come blonde e gionne per gno.

## VIII.

Oh, grammaz non fu oggetto  
 Così uguale per bellezza  
 Che la vide in oru' u' u' —  
 Sondea per tenerezza  
 Che la vide di mithos  
 La credeva una regina  
 Qualche sogno di poeta  
 Qualche lucido rospo

## IV.

Traditor ! col tuo luto  
 Tu l' hai fatto innamorare I  
 — Io giurai per San Bernardo  
 E per Cristo in sull' altare,  
 Per Giuseppe e per Maria  
 Che farei la vita mia.  
 — E il facesti ? — I sacri voti  
 Ricantai dei sacerdoti.

## V.

Or m' ascolta, o trovatore,  
 Or rispondi ; dimmi il vero  
 Hai veduto il mesto fiore  
 Che si coglie in cimitero ?  
 Hai veduto i fior di rose  
 Che s'intreccian per le spose,  
 Quando cantan desolati  
 Gli usignoli abbandonati ?

## VI.

Crolli il capo ; impallidisce ;  
 Steudi a me la bianca mano ,  
 Non rispondi ; e forse ambisci  
 Della sposa ormai l'arcano ?  
 Qui morì la Gilda, maga  
 Sotto il nome di Menzaga ;  
 Qui morì, nel suo pallore,  
 Per l'amor d'un trovatore !

## XII.

Stravolto l'amante s'uechina,  
 E mira la m' sta donzella.  
 Velata è la maga, ma bella,  
 Coll'occhio che piange, et non 'sa.  
 - O donna, l'amor t'indovina  
 Tu, Gilda, t'ascondi collà!

## XIII.

Nel mondo non v'è la sembianza  
 Di tale e di tanta beatade!  
 Non cresee per queste e intrade  
 Nel gno nè spirto d'amor  
 Tu sola tu sei l' Specie  
 Che temi qua stretta sul cor.

## XIV.

Tu sola tu sei la mia dama,  
 La gioja e l'onor della vita.  
 Tu sola, donzella romita,  
 Del mondo la diva sei tu.  
 L'amor ti conosce, e la fama;  
 Nè manca l'antica virtù.

## XV.

Ma dove è la sé del passato  
 Che tanto brillò nella festa?  
 L'amore, l'onore, le gesta

E un tempo che presto fuggi?  
E vero? E' ho forse sognato?  
Tu pur ch'hai sognato così!

## XVI

E come, amata a se stia il mio galante;  
Eh, sì, troppo il velo e guasti il Sue.  
Rosa diventa e bianca, in uno istante,  
E poi s'asconde il viso e vuol fuggire.  
Corre nei bracci suoi lo fido amante;  
E l'avrà vorio nel suo girore . . .

## XVII

Deh, tac, oh tac! Al mondo ovunque è doglia,  
Taci, taci, taci! Tu bacioci son contenta.  
Pringer non so se non per pazzia voglia  
Come i cog' allor che i lamenta . . .

## XVIII

Cosa vuoi tu? Che vuoi che sti mi guardi?  
Diva non son, ma donna; e sì crudele,  
- Baciati in bocca. O Dio! mi stringi ed ardi  
Tanto d'amore e piange e sei fedele?

## XIX.

Ogo! M'a colta, io son la tua meschina,  
Forte ben sì, ma donna in questi agoni;  
Sono la schiava tua, la tua regna,  
Quel che tu vuoi pur he non m'abbandoni!

## XX.

O cieca, o casta, o bella, o tu che brama,  
E' in mi la morte uolata n' un tuo sorriso  
P'va, arai per me. — Son io l' Admira,  
P' quivi in terra avras i' paradiiso!



## IL PONTE D' AVIGLIO.

C' M'ESTO bimbino col capo canuto  
Rispondi, ti pondi — Chi 've Renato  
Tu vinto Morello? — Fu solo Lindoro?  
Rispondi, rispondi! — Non potie di loro

## II.

Non v'ego tornare dal Ponte d' Aviglio  
Renato superbo del v'nto p' uelio  
L' hau forse promosso? — R'vngi in guerra?  
Rispondi, rispondi! — L' han messo sotteria.

## III

O ciel! tu lo senti, tu vedi l' oltraggio,  
Renato fu prienc del nostro villaggio! . . .  
Ma dimmi, piccino. — Che fec' Morello?  
Rispondi, rispondi! — Lo chnude l' avello.

## IV

Ahi, crudo destino! Si grande, s'furte,  
Morello non ave per vincere la morte  
Ma l'altro è. Che fece sul campo serrato?  
Rispondi; rispondi! — Mori da soldato.

## V.

Gran Dio! che minami! Pur desso m'è tolto  
Renato m'è morto? — Morello sepolto?  
E piangi, . . . tu pure? — Gentile bambino!  
Ch' dire? — Rispondi! — Vi resta Giannino.

## VI

Oh o, del tribunale l'ignoto tenore,  
L'incognito figlio del orondo Landoro.  
Ma dove trovarlo nel nome di Dio?  
Rispondi, rispondi! — Buon padre, son io



## I MIEI SALUTI

## V.

Ti saluto, Margherita  
Fior di vita, . . . ti saluto!  
Sei la speme del mattino,  
Sei la gioja del giardino.

## II.

Tr saluto, Rosignolo  
Nel tuo dolo . . . ti saluto !  
Sei l'amante della rosa  
Che morendo si fa - posa.

## III.

Tr saluto, Sol di Maggio  
Col tuo raggio, . . . ti saluto  
Sei l'Apollo del passato  
Sei l'amore incoronato

## IV.

Tr saluto, Donna mia,  
Casta e pura, ti saluto  
Sei la diva dei desiri  
Sei la Sirena del mio piacere

— — — —



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